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by Max Werner

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The British at Archangel

Has a British force landed at Archangel? Reports to this effect are not confirmed, as we go to press, but the refusal of officials to deny them gives them weight. We hope they prove to be true. In Britain there has been a rising tide of demand to know why the government has not done more to help the Russians in their critical hour than sending them supplies and bombing Germany. In England last year the heaviest possible German bombing at no time damaged production more than 15 percent; England is a better target than is Germany, and the Germans then had more planes than the British yet possess. It is certainly important to send supplies to the Russians, but the point is being raised whether, if Britain has the goods and ships to send such supplies in effective quantities, she does not also possess the goods and ships for an invasion of her own. To this the report of the landing at Archangel, if confirmed, offers one reply. The other is found in the news from the Middle East, which indicates clearly that Britain is planning to send a heavy force north into the Caucasus by spring or sooner.

How Can We Help?

It is impossible of course for supplies from the United States started now to get to Russia in time to affect the battle for Moscow within the next week or two—with the possible exception of airplanes flown across Africa and up through Iran. It is of great importance, however, to speed all possible help for the later stages of the fight. Already we see that the German announcements during the first two or three days of the assault were false. It was not true that the Russian soldiers were utterly demoralized. It was not true that several Russian armies were entirely surrounded. On the contrary, the Russians were and are fighting as bravely and efficiently as at any time in the past. What they need is help. If they don't get it, if Russia is forced into a separate peace, the Americans and the British will have occasion to regret their shortsightedness.

To Immobilize Japan

One field where our aid can be useful is in the Far East. Japanese truculence rises in exact proportion as the fight seems to be going against the Russians. A Japanese spokesman has already broadly hinted that Japan will invade Siberia the moment she thinks it is safe to do so. What is needed is a flat, unequivocal joint declaration by the United States and Britain that if Japan attacks Russia, they will go to war with her at once and without any further bargaining. Such a threat, couched in language which Japan could not misunderstand, would stop her dead in her tracks. It would release large numbers of troops and supplies now concentrated in eastern Siberia for use on the European front. There would be small danger that the British-American threat would need to be carried out, since Japan would have little chance of success in a naval war against the two, as she very well knows.

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The main thing for us to remember is that time is short. To do enough for Russia but to do it too late is as dangerous as it would be not to help her at all.

How Soon?

The President has recommended repeal of Section 6 of the Neutrality Act. Senator Connally has introduced a joint resolution by which this section would be repealed, and the President authorized to arm any American vessel. This resolution, which has been referred to the House Committee on Foreign Relations, will probably pass the House within two weeks and will then be referred to the equivalent committee in the Senate. It may be more than a month before American merchant ships can be armed. It will be more than two months before a further resolution can be passed repealing Section 2 of the Neutrality Act and permitting American vessels to enter belligerent zones.

This piecemeal removal of the shackles that bind our hands may be safe political strategy. But the fact that after two years of war it takes our democracy two months to rid itself of these two clauses is a serious admission of our inability to move with the speed and determination that the present predicament of the Russian armies demands. Our ships must carry our arms to their destinations.

If the House of Representatives repeals Section 6 by a sufficiently large majority, Senator Connally may be persuaded to combine both resolutions in the Senate and thus gain more than a month of vitally needed time. It is of the utmost importance that the American people impress upon members of the House and Senate the disastrous, irretrievable losses which will be suffered by further delay.

Alcoa as Monopoly

The aluminum suit is ended. Judge Francis G. Caffey has dictated his decision in open court, taking ten days to do so. Thus ends a monumental trial which has continued for four and a half years and cost a fortune. The court record alone covered 50,000 pages, or about 160 average-size books. Judge Caffey's decision is one of the most extraordinary in the history of American jurisprudence. It will be appealed to the United States Supreme Court, and it is obviously important that this should be done, although the judge has now required so much time before issuing his final order that apparently the appeal will be impossible until a year from next January.

Long before the case came to decision, everyone in contact with it took for granted that the result would be favorable to the defendants on all points. The judge repeatedly went out of his way during the proceedings to express his admiration for leading officials of Alcoa. He made much of the fact that in his belief there had been no suppression of competition by Alcoa since 1932, and ignored the fact that in that year the government began its investigation. Before that time, for twelve years, Alcoa had been practically immune from government action because Andrew W. Mellon was sitting on the lid, as a member of the Cabinet of three successive Presidents. In regard to the question of conspiracy with foreign powers, the judge's final decision appears to differ radically from that accepted by him in November, 1939. His comforting assurance that there is plenty of bauxite and plenty of waterpower available in this country is not supported by the experts, who know that we have a grave shortage of waterpower and that the supplies of high-grade bauxite within the United States will be exhausted within eighteen months or two years (low-grade bauxite cannot be used).

Everyone who is familiar with the facts, except Judge Caffey and Alcoa attorneys, believes that Alcoa is as merciless and complete a monopoly as has ever had and used the power to cripple the normal growth and development of the nation's economic life. It will be most interesting to see whether the Supreme Court endorses the unparalleled affection of the judge for what Alcoa has been and has done.

Defense Strikes

There is a recurring phenomenon in the United States just now, and we might as well get used to it. Every little while there will be two or three strikes simultaneously in various factories engaged in defense work. Thereupon, a lot of newspapers will play up these strikes on their front pages as though about half the workers in the company were out to help Hitler, and a great many innocent private citizens will get violently indignant.

We don't doubt that some strikes are unjustified, that some workers are unreasonable and that some situations, such as jurisdictional contests between two unions, are outrageous. Part of the difficulty in these cases is that nobody has taken the trouble to make labor realize that we are in peril from Hitler and that if he or any admirer of his were to get control in this country, the right to strike would be one of the first things to go. Beyond all this, it is worth remembering a few points:

1. It is never more than a tiny minority of all the workers in defense industries who are on strike at any given time. 2. Most of the newspapers which express such great indignation are and always have been bitterly opposed to union labor anyhow. 3. In a time of rapidly rising prices, wages must also go up or else the result is the same as a substantial reduction. 4. After twelve years of depression, in scores of industries wages are still far lower than they ought to be on any decent standard. 5. Finally, hundreds of firms are profiteering shamelessly at the expense of the government, and everybody knows it, including labor. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the workers should

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be demanding a share of the excess profits. Indeed, the only wonder is that the demands are not more numerous and larger.

Attention William Green

The trial of George E. Browne, president of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees (AFL) and William Bioff, the union's West Coast representative, on charges of attempting to shake down four moving-picture companies for $2,000,000, on threat of strike action, has stirred Mr. Green and his subordinates in the AFL to action. The action was indirect and mild. At the Seattle conference of the AFL, the Federation's constitution was amended to reduce the size of the executive council from fifteen to thirteen, on the grounds of efficiency. Since Browne's name will be omitted from the new list of candidates for the council, he will thus be politely rebuked.

Whether Browne and Bioff are guilty of the racketeering charges brought against them in the federal court we do not know. We do know that there are unions in the United States that are racketeer-ridden, though this is not true of the majority. A year ago, David Dubinsky of the ILGWU fought hard at the AFL convention in New Orleans for an anti-racketeering resolution, and got licked. This year we can't even find that resolution on the list of 140 introduced at Seattle. Mr. Green is given to quoting charters and citing constitutional reasons for washing his hands of these disagreeable matters. He and other top leaders might as well recognize that if they don't clean house, somebody else will do it for them. And they won't like the process.

Engineers' Enemy

An interesting footnote to the story of Gano Dunn, the adviser of U. S. Steel and for a time special consultant of the OPM on steel capacity, has been published by The Saturday Evening Post, in an article, "Engineer No. 1," by Raymond Moley and Celeste Jedel. Mr. Dunn was the dollar-a-year man who told us last February that there would be an excess capacity of 10,000,000 tons in the steel industry in 1941 and 2,000,000 in 1942, and that no expansion was needed, a report which fitted the ideas of the American Iron and Steel Institute like a glove. In a May report, he predicted a shortage of 1,400,000 tons in 1941 and 6,400,000 in 1942, but again opposed expansion of the industry's capacity beyond the 3,000,000 extra tons which it was willing to produce. The industry was again delighted and pointed to Mr. Dunn's engineering reputation as proof that its thesis had been objectively corroborated. Thanks chiefly to Leon Henderson ("The Struggle for More Steel," The New Republic, June 16, 1941), this "objective" report was disregarded and a 10,000,000-ton program of expansion forced through. The shortage is at last a matter of common knowledge. The New York Times for October 9 reported that inability to get steel is holding up construction of destroyers and battleships. Hundreds of small businesses are closing every day and hundreds of thousands of men losing jobs.

The Saturday Evening Post article now quite frankly asserts that Mr. Dunn's purpose was to check "the New Dealers' expansionist ideas" because of his fear that they would cause "a profound change in our economic system." If Mr. Moley and his collaborator have it straight, Mr. Dunn felt that there was an enemy at hand all right—but the enemy apparently was not Hitler.

The Railroads' Wage Plan

On the surface, the plan put forward by railway management to end the current wage dispute looks reasonable and sound. The wage level of the 1,260,000 organized railroad employees would be adjusted to the cost of living by averaging the changes in living costs with half the value of changes in the gross revenues of the roads. The fairness of such an arrangement, however, is sharply limited. It does not take into account the brotherhoods' claim that they are not receiving their proper share of the railroads' earnings. Labor is asking higher wages not simply because the cost of living has soared but also because profits are up.

It should also be noted that wage payments based on living costs tend to become maximum payments rather than minimum or average. Actually what the railroads are offering is a ceiling on wages, and it is natural to expect the brotherhoods to reject a proposal which in effect bars adjustments on the basis of a fair division of earnings. The real protection against soaring living costs would be a law to control prices. Such a law, effectively administered, would remove the need for elaborate schemes to adjust wage levels to rapidly changing price levels. It would smooth the way for adjusting the wage level to the earnings level, which is the heart of the issue.

More Juice at Grand Coulee

All the figures about Grand Coulee, where another huge generator went into operation the other day, seem astronomical. The dam is by far the biggest structure ever built by human hands. Eventually it will irrigate 1,200,000 acres, from a lake 151 miles long; already, it could lay two inches of water over the entire area of New England. Since it was opened last March, Grand Coulee has added to its electric-power capacity until this is now up to several hundred thousand kilowatts; eventually, it will reach 2,000,000 kilowatts, a third more than Boulder Dam. The new generator, just turned on, is for 108,000 kilowatts; much of this power will be used in an Aluminum Company plant, to turn out this badly needed substance. It is not at all unlikely that generations hence, the great hydro-electric and

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irrigation projects of the Roosevelt administration may be remembered when nearly everything else about our day is forgotten.

The Love Life of a Bullfrog

Our Favorite Story of the Week must have a moral, but what it is, we aren't prepared to say. It has to do with the love life of the bullfrog.

Some time ago, a bitterly anti-administration member of Congress made a speech about the shameful waste of money by government bureaus. "Just look at the Department of Agriculture!" he exclaimed. "They recently got out a special pamphlet on the love life of the bullfrog. It's a crime to waste the taxpayers' money that way," etc., etc. What impression he made on Congress, we don't know, but the Department of Agriculture immediately got 300 requests for the pamphlet.

The D. of A. investigated, and found there was no pamphlet on the bullfrog's love life, and never had been any. It therefore issued a press release to that effect, which was printed by some of the papers. Result: 600 more requests for the pamphlet.

At this, the Secretary of Agriculture got hot under the collar. He took to the radio to deny that anyone had ever had the faintest thought of such a pamphlet. Consequences? You have guessed it: 1,300 requests.

We should like to know how many people will write in, as a result of this editorial, to ask for the pamphlet. We assume the number will be substantial. The New Republic, we like to think, is an influential organ. If the Department gets as many as 2,000, the New Republic editors will write the pamphlet themselves.

Last Week

In Brooklyn, Iowa, the Rev. Dr. Benney Benson of Brooklyn, New York, announced that he was prepared to fly to see Hitler, on eight hours' notice. He said he knew how to pilot a plane and knew what to say to Hitler to stop the war. Brooklyn is a gay state of mind which you find in surprising places. The thirty-seven editors of Life shared it when they published elaborate maps to make it easy for Life's readers to be informed about the location of Russian war resources and accompanied them with paragraphs of explanatory text in which the words of the sentences ran hindside before to make it impossible for readers to know what they meant. ("Already practically lost may be considered the Ukraine and Leningrad.") . . . The Japanese newspaper Domei took a flier at explaining the national purpose and came to rest with the idea that Japan seeks co-prosperity on the basis of self-sufficiency. You and I together for me. . . . In Moscow, Stalin read the list of Russia's needs to a Yale man and an English lord. "Agreed," said the American. "O.K.," said the baron, mixing up the rules of international behavior in a way that will ensure him a gay reception when he comes to Brooklyn.

The Battle of New York

THE MAYORALTY CAMPAIGN in New York City, which is gaining momentum as the November elections approach, is more than an ordinary campaign. We may think of it as part of the larger social wars that are being fought all over the world. It is the Battle of New York. It is not so important as what is happening on the Russian front, or even on the industrial front of the American defense economy. Yet in its own way it has immense importance: it is part of the increasing war of our time between a militant democracy on the one hand, and on the other the forces of hatred, of acquiescence in injustice, of political inefficiency and corruption, which play into the hands of the Nazis.

There are two major aspects of the campaign that stand out in this connection. One is the underground attempt on the part of the LaGuardia-haters to make the fight against him a means for stirring the diversive forces of American life to the depths. We do not attribute this intent to the Democratic candidate, District Attorney William O'Dwyer, who has explicitly dissociated himself from it. But it takes a strong man and a determined organization to control tactics of this sort. Thus far Mr. O'Dwyer has not shown the strength nor Tammany the will to quell the hatreds stirred up by the campaigning of America Firsters, Lindberghites, Bundists and Christian Fronters in their behalf.

As Mr. Britt points out in his article in this issue, it is not that these groups love O'Dwyer but that they hate LaGuardia, with an intensity second only to that which they reserve for President Roosevelt. They hate him because he symbolizes what a democracy can accomplish in the efficient conduct of its affairs. They hate him because he stands in the way of their making New York into their private playground. They hate him because his whole life and personality have given the dramatic lie to the Nazi doctrines.

But how have they been able to spread their hatred? To answer this one must remember the composition of the New York City population. Nowhere else in America do such strikingly different national, racial, social and religious groups live and work so closely together. This makes New York a first-rate laboratory for democracy. But it also provides rich soil for the Nazi technique of sowing division and reaping terror and hatred. Hitler has boasted that America is so heterogeneous that its disintegration and conquest will be an easy inside job. New York City is the testing-ground of that proposition. The American fascist groups see this, and have for years been preparing for this campaign through the clamor of Christian Front street-corner meetings and the obscenities of a whispering campaign.

The fact is that both the Democratic and Republi-

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can Parties in New York are in a cruel dilemma. Tammany is in a position to profit politically from the work of the lunatic fringe, yet the cost of such a victory would be fearful. The Republicans gag at LaGuardia's New Dealism, yet they are caught between accepting it on the one hand, and on the other of following the fascist direction indicated by John Davies, whose candidacy in the Republican primaries was an opening gun in a plan, of which we shall hear more later, to capture the Republican Party for the pro-fascist groups. To the honor of the majority of Republicans be it said that they are sticking to LaGuardia and their Republican guns. All these things are, of course, below the surface. They are not written about. But everyone in New York knows they represent what may be the decisive reality of the present campaign.

The second front on which the Battle of New York is being fought is the issue of whether efficiency in local government is enough for a local campaign. The election will determine whether a city administration can offer the propaganda of the deed as against the propaganda of the word. There can be no question of the LaGuardia administration's achievement. It has developed what the political scientists will call in the future the "service city." It has done what the reformers in the past have been unable to do. It has corrected evils, cleaned out corruption, put the city on a business basis, cared at least tolerably well for the helpless and the disinherited, captured the imagination of the people. The last eight years in New York have represented the high spots of American municipal government. And now the question is whether this will all be ended.

The lunatic fringe plus the Tammany stalwarts would not in themselves be enough to defeat LaGuardia. If he gets beaten—and the low registration figures, which usually mean that the independent non-machine vote has slumbered, seem to us, despite Mr. Britt's confidence, to indicate that his victory may be precarious—it will be because an additional force is enlisted against him. This force is usually spoken of in the papers as "apathy" on the part of the voters. Yet it is not apathy in the simple sense of not caring. LaGuardia has had the dramatic power to rouse people from their apathy in the past, although recently he too has taken many things for granted. The new element is partly habit-fatigue. We have been through two LaGuardia victories now, and many New Yorkers feel that the Little Flower can take care of himself pretty well. Moreover, we have had our minds stretched to the breaking-point by the tensions of the European war. There is little stretch left in them for local campaigns. Thus, in addition to habit-fatigue, one may cite the change in the scale of our thinking. New York politics once looked immensely important. Now it seems to shrink to a mere item in a world perspective that contains the Nazi menace, the possible Russian catastrophe, the whole destiny of America.

But we should be tragically wrong to accept such a perspective. Every war is the sum of its battles, every battle the sum of what happens on each sector. New York is an important sector on the democratic front. Those who have deserted LaGuardia for petty or interested reasons have done more than desert a man. They have deserted a crucial test of local democracy. As Mr. Britt says, those who are tired of LaGuardia's dramatic intensities or his vaunted efficiencies, as the Athenians once tired of hearing Aristides called "the Just," are allowing a whim to override a cause. We urge them to rededicate themselves to a battle that is more important now than ever before.

Pan-American Backbone

STRATEGISTS of hemisphere defense are attaching an increasing importance to the development of a military highway along the Pacific Coast of the Americas. Construction of the Alaskan International Highway and completion of the partly built Pan-American highway system would provide a 14,000-mile defense road running the length of the hemisphere, from Fairbanks to Buenos Aires.

A year ago the House of Representatives shelved the Alaskan highway project as unimportant. Today military authorities believe that Alaska could be invaded from Japan via the Kamchatka Peninsula and Siberia; or from as far west as Archangel, along the recently developed Siberian Arctic coastal route. In the organization for defense, Brigadier General Buckner, commander of Alaska, declares that "the highway would give us an all-land route, would make us independent of the control of the sea." Over such a road men and supplies could be trucked from Seattle to Fairbanks, in northern Alaska, in sixty hours, instead of the present eight-day trip by boat and rail.

There is now a four-lane gravel all-weather highway running 900 miles north from Seattle. To build a similar road through British Columbia and the Yukon 1,450 miles to Fairbanks would cost between $25,000,000 and $30,000,000. It could be built in twenty months by 1,800 mechanically equipped men. Army engineers claim there would be no new engineering problems and construction would be comparatively easy, since the terrain is flat, the climate mild and precipitation exceptionally light. During the winter the ground is covered by two to five feet of snow, but road conditions would be no worse than in the northwestern United States. The route selected for the highway is in the path of the airline to Alaska, and, incidentally, is the shortest air route to—and from—the Orient. Emergency landing fields could best be built along the highway, from which supplies could be flown short distances to any point along the coast. Already $100,000,000 has been appropriated for Alaskan defenses.

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The International Highway is an obvious defense asset at a relatively slight cost.

Completing the Pan-American Highway System is a much larger task than building the Alaska road, but the southern route is almost completely laid out, and a third of it is paved. The Pan-American system, as projected but only partly completed, runs 800 miles from Laredo, Texas, to Mexico City, then 2,500 miles to the Panama Canal. In South America it stretches 6,000 miles down the coast and across the Andes (via both Bolivia and Chile) into Argentina. From Buenos Aires branches extend into Paraguay and up the east coast to Rio de Janiero. Two-thirds of the 17,000-mile system will be passable in any weather.

There are no longer diplomatic obstacles to the completion of either the Alaskan or Pan-American highways, especially since the creation of the Canadian-American Defense Board and the Import-Export Bank loans to Central American countries for the construction of their portions of the road. The tremendous defense factor of the highways in South America has already been supplemented by huge increases in intra-continental travel and trans-Andean shipments of food and manufactured products. In June Congress appropriated $20,000,000 toward construction of the Central American link in the highway. This program should be accelerated in the south and appropriations should be set aside for the Alaskan highway. Together they will create a backbone for Pan-American transportation in peace or war.

"Pagan" Writing

THE UNITED CATHOLIC ORGANIZATIONS Press Relations Committee is a group of Catholic laymen who make it their business to check newspapers and magazines for what they consider evidence of an anti-Catholic spirit. Recently the group decided to check magazines not merely for "direct anti-Catholic matter" but for traces of "paganism" as well. The committee's initial findings, reprinted recently in the magazine America as part of an article called "Small Streams That Swell into the Current of Paganism," make highly curious reading.

The committee confined itself to large-circulation periodicals such as Collier's, The Ladies' Home Journal, The Woman's Home Companion, Harper's Bazaar, The Reader's Digest, Time, American Magazine and The New Yorker. "Paganism" seems to be rife in all of them, as may be judged from the following verbatim extracts from the committee's report:

"Ladies Home Journal (circulation, 3,630,318), July and August: Bette Davis, penning her autobiography, expresses impatience with people who are unhappily married but live together because of the children. . . . The general tenor of How America Lives, No. 19 in Series, endorses birth control. The arrival of two children in the early years of a marriage is deplored. 'Lois (the wife) might have learned housekeeping easily,' if planned parenthood had not failed.

"Collier's (circulation, 2,790,465), July 26, August 16: 'Poor Man's Garbo,' by Ted Shane. Glorification of a strip-tease girl and her disrobing act. She is described as leaving 'the third year of a . . . parochial high school' and overcoming 'her innate modesty' in order 'to help her family.'

"McCall's (circulation, 3,150,195), July, August: In a fiction story, a woman, though stricken with an incurable disease and preparing for an early death, never thinks of religion.

"The Atlantic Monthly (circulation, 99,715). In the December, 1940, issue, 'The Guilty Ones,' by Sholem Asch, subtly undermines the historicity of the Gospels.

"Woman's Home Companion (circulation, 3,439,737), August. In 'Panama Threat,' by Brenda Conrad, love comes once more to a married woman. Her husband agrees to give her a divorce. 'Andy (not her husband) was standing in the hall doorway. She closed her eyes and waited. She could hear him coming across the terrace toward her. The End.'

"The New Yorker (circulation, 156,548). . . . For more than a year The New Yorker frequently has thrown open its pages to the contemptuous and blasphemous use of the Name of God and the Name, Jesus Christ. The issue of August 2, for example, links the Sacred Name of Jesus Christ with Gypsy Rose Lee, James Joyce, sex, liquor."

The committee's exertions were warmly applauded in America's article. The author, Father John A. Toomey, expresses the hope that "the report will be of aid to those responsible for reading matter in Catholic schools, hospitals and other institutions; of aid also to Catholic parents in the supervision of their children's reading."

The New Republic's guess is that the report will make intelligent Catholics writhe.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Fighting for Moscow

Moscow, Leningrad, the Donets Basin—these in succession have been the German objectives in the war in the East. Moscow, again under attack, was the first goal of German strategy. The July offensive conducted along the central front at the very outbreak of the war was pointed at the Soviet capital.

So far none of the decisive German objectives has been attained. The first German blow against Moscow was beaten back in the battle of Smolensk in July. The German offensive against Leningrad was fended off in September. And now in October, with the German troops already at the gateway to the Donets Basin, the direction of the crucial German offensive has again shifted toward Moscow. The offensives against Leningrad and the Donets Basin have been relatively relaxed, and the German High Command has returned to its original plan.

To date the German war plan has not been uniform. It has fluctuated between two versions that may be called the Moscow version and the southern version, with the Leningrad push as a large but essentially local operation. As yet neither version has been pursued to the very end. Rather than complementing each other, the two have got in each other's way. If the crucial goal of German strategy was the conquest of the Donets Basin as the heart of the Russian economy and material, then why did the German High Command in July engage in the costly battle of Smolensk, which resulted in a tremendous waste of men and time? Actually the offensive against the Ukraine and the Donets Basin was not started by the Germans until the seventh week of the war. If, on the other hand, the fixed goal of German strategy always was Moscow, why waste seven precious weeks, from August 10 to October 1, on the offensives against the Ukraine and the Donets Basin, with the parallel offensive against Leningrad? The truth is that the German war plan has already undergone two alterations. Early in August the center of gravity of the German offensive was shifted from the central front to the south; early in October it was again shifted to the central front.

The war in the East is reaching its greatest intensity only now. There were no vital strategic and economic objectives west of the line Leningrad-Moscow-Donets Basin. No matter how extensive this zone is, it is not critical. Northwest Russia is unimportant except for Leningrad, and central Russia west of Moscow holds few important objectives. The Ukrainian campaign would have brought vital gains only with the occupation of the Donets Basin. The German September offensive, however, gave the Wehrmacht only the approaches to the Donets Basin and Leningrad. Now, in the October break-through, the struggle rages for the approaches to Moscow. This brings the immediate front line up against the line of important economic and strategic centers of European Russia, which runs from Leningrad by way of Moscow, Kharkov and the Donets Basin to Rostov. Here the issue may be decided.

It is necessary to see clearly just what these three centers—Leningrad, Moscow and the Donets Basin—mean for the further conduct of the war. Important as Leningrad may be in itself, from the total aspect of this gigantic struggle it is but a second-string position. Leningrad's strategic significance lies in its northern position, flanking the Russian front, and in the fact that it is the only remaining Soviet naval base in the Baltic Sea. Economically it is of importance as the center of Soviet machine construction, about one-fifth of which is centered there. But neither from a military nor from an economic viewpoint can Leningrad be considered in any way decisive. The German push toward Leningrad was undertaken for reasons of prestige. The successful defense of Leningrad was important to the Russians for the same psychological reason.

The principal significance of Moscow in the war is strategic. Even its economic importance recedes before considerations of strategy. Moscow occupies a far more central position in European Russia than does Paris with respect to France or Berlin to Germany. It dominates the north-south communications of the country. It is not merely the administrative but also the transport center of European Russia.

The principal importance of the Donets Basin is economic; its strategic significance is limited. In the Donets Basin the Red Army is defending the region that furnishes the country 50 percent each of its coal and iron and another fifth of its machine construction.

The German High Command originally planned the break-through into the southern Ukraine in order to strangle the Red Army economically, to strike at the foundations of the Soviet war economy. The sudden shift in the direction of Moscow means that the German High Command is now seeking an immediate decision in large-scale field battle. It has turned from the Russians' economic centers to their strategic center, where the strongest Soviet military force is concentrated. This means that the German High Command is attempting at all costs to hasten an immediate military decision. Just as Hitler attacked Russia so as not to leave the strongest potential enemy in his rear while he engaged Britain, so he is now attacking Moscow and the armies of Marshal Timoshenko to dispel the danger of attack from the rear during further operations in the south.

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The greatest impact of the war, the most gigantic clash of arms, is bound to take place in the Moscow area. For Soviet strategy is based on the most active defense of the country's vital centers. The Russians could afford to dodge and maneuver throughout western Russia and the Ukraine. But before Leningrad, the Moscow region and the Donets Basin the Red Army has halted to join in great battles. As early as July, in the battle of Smolensk, it successfully defended the approaches to Moscow. In September it brought to a standstill for the time being the German push against Leningrad and the further German advance into the Donets Basin. Of these three centers, Moscow takes first rank for the Red Army. Indeed, the Russian "shift to Moscow" preceded the German. When the first German break-through in the direction of Moscow was started at Smolensk in July, it soon developed that the decisive Red Army concentrations were placed chiefly along the central front. This represents a change in the disposition of the Red Army. Until about 1939 its center of gravity had been placed in the south, in the Ukraine west of the Dnieper. Apparently before even the outbreak of the war the bulk of the Red Army had been reserved for the central front. In short, the Moscow direction has long been regarded by the Red Army High Command as the crucial one. It may be assumed that most of the Soviet strategic reserves of tanks, aviation and artillery have been concentrated in the Moscow region, and that the bulk of the mobilized infantry divisions too has been reserved for the central front. To date the Red Army has used its reserves rather sparingly. There can be little doubt that the critical moment has now arrived when the Russian High Command will make extensive use of those reserves.

Thus the battle of Moscow promises to become a super-battle of all-out reserves on both sides. The German High Command, probably even more ruthlessly than the Soviet, is also hurling all the reserves it has into the battle. It has brought up for this purpose reinforcements from the northern and southern fronts, as well as the saved-up reserves and the troops from the rear and from occupied Europe. Moscow is not only a tremendous stake in itself; its importance as a military objective grows in proportion to what the belligerents will try to make of it. Both sides have concentrated huge forces on the Moscow front, and thus in this battle waged for a strategic center the armies themselves may become the most important stake.

The question of the exhaustion of the belligerents in the East has not yet come up. But it may well arise, depending on the losses suffered, as a result of the battle on the central front. It is generally assumed that in a battle lasting several days the attacker loses from 30 to 40 percent of his tank forces. The German tank losses may be much higher, since the German tank units have been in offensive action against the strong Red Army artillery, air force and tank arm for a matter of four months without a break. Above all, the marksmanship and the tactical skill of Soviet artillery must be taken into account. In any event, the Wehrmacht must have lost at least half of the tanks with which it began the campaign on the eastern front—probably more. The Wehrmacht had some 20,000 tanks on the eastern front when the war broke out, and its losses must be put now at about 10,000 tanks. In the course of the campaign, entire German Panzer divisions have had to be replaced. Reserves of tanks and tank production cannot have been able to replace these losses in full. In the future, however, the offensive power of the Wehrmacht and the rate of its advance on the eastern front will depend principally on the strength of its motor-mechanized equipment. The wear and tear of the eastern front is using up German arms and trained personnel (tank and airplane crews) faster than the infantry mass. In all likelihood German losses during the first four months of the war in the East were between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 men. This has by no means exhausted the Wehrmacht's reserves in manpower, but if that rate continues during the entire first year of the war, the Wehrmacht will face a dangerous shortage of manpower in the not too distant future. The condition of the Wehrmacht and the rate of its losses after this battle will depend on the power of resistance of the Red Army. In the battle of Smolensk the Red Army showed that it was a past master in modern defense methods. Since July the defenses of the central Russian front have been vastly expanded. In the present battle the entire region around the Moscow front is a fortified zone.

Whatever the outcome of the battle for Moscow, the war will go on, and it will be long-drawn-out. If Moscow falls, however, the Soviet's conduct of the war will have to be defensive for a long time to come; in that event its strength will lie chiefly in its manpower and its vast distances. If, however, Moscow remains in Russian hands, the Red Army can shift to a strategy of counter-offensive. A German failure at the gates of Moscow can only mean that the Wehrmacht's strength is inadequate for a decisive victory in the East.

In ever growing measure the battle of Moscow is absorbing the most powerful forces of the belligerents. In this battle, now already two weeks old, the element of surprise is no longer effective. The crucial factors are the power of arms and the endurance of the armies. The German trump card is no longer skillful maneuvering but carefully prepared concentrations of arms and army masses. Hitler himself has accepted the responsibility to see to it that this time the battle shall bring final victory. Never before has he borne so grave a responsibility to his own army. The question now is whether Anglo-American action will keep pace with the struggle on the eastern front. Delay may be fatal.

MAX WERNER

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LaGuardia Will Win!

New York City, which emerged eight years ago from a black hole of scandal, abuse and near-bankruptcy to become Exhibit A of municipal regeneration, will make its choice on November 4 between reëlecting the administration under which it has thrived or turning back to its same old political machines.

This is a decision of concern to the whole nation. But three weeks before Election Day the voters of New York by every outward sign were blandly indifferent, Tammany was jubilant and the conglomerate good-government folk disappointed. These sentiments were because of the registration, which had been small. The organization wanted a light vote. Mayor LaGuardia's workers had their hopes set on a registration of 2,750,000. But the total was only 2,449,819, or nearly a million less than for the presidential election last year, 33,416 less than for the 1937 city election which gave the Mayor his second term. The stereotype explanation is that the machine following turns out as regular as clockwork to register and vote, while the undisciplined independent amateurs vary from year to year, and this year were not aroused to assert themselves.

Nevertheless, the most reasonable conjecture is that La Guardia will win. He even has a chance to win by the largest plurality he ever had. He will win primarily because of a factor which has nothing to do with city government, an emotional, non-logical issue in this election—and that is the war.

LaGuardia will win, I believe, because the two chief groupings of opinion now discernible are identical with the city's principal split over last year's presidential election—New Deal v. anti-war Irish. President Roosevelt carried New York City by a plurality of 729,000, and there is no indication that the opposing vote has increased. The reverse is true.

The heart of the Mayor's support is New Deal. He will get the rank and file of devoted New Dealers. He will get a block of organized voters, of whom 53,000 signed a petition for him, rallied away mostly from the Democratic camp into the United City Party under Assistant Secretary of State A. A. Berle and Henry Morgenthau Sr. He has the all-important personal support of President Roosevelt—unexpressed, but I believe nowhere questioned.

On the other side of the fence, of course, is the Democratic machine, working with the eagerness of long deprivation from jobs and with an encouragement not felt since the easy victories of Jimmy Walker. There are a few flaws in this organization. There is ill concealed sulking and revolt from Manhattan's Tammany leader and a good deal of resentment at Brooklyn's predominance. The drive enjoys the potent backing of James A. Farley and of Edward J. Flynn, present National Democratic Chairman and boss of the Bronx as well. All party jobholders have been authoritatively instructed to work for the ticket. Conspicuous at headquarters are a number of returned prominent Democrats who bolted the President last year.

Mayor LaGuardia has won from the Republicans not only the party nomination but the eager, hard-working support of his old enemy, Thomas E. Dewey, and the enthusiastic good will of Wendell Willkie. The Mayor also has the American Labor nomination, a tag which gave President Roosevelt more than 300,000 of the city's votes last fall. He has the formal endorsements of both AFL and CIO, and discounting the irreconcilable Irish, those are valuable assets.

The opposing candidate, District Attorney William O'Dwyer of Brooklyn, is as good a man as the organization possessed, although he hasn't lived up as a candidate to advance billing for color and dash. He is a native Irishman, for seven years a policeman, later a judge, renowned for his prosecutions of the gang dramatically headlined as Murder, Inc. He is personally attractive and of unchallenged honesty. And in spite of real intelligence, he has brooded himself through years of gazing at City Hall into a state of feeling it his duty to save New York from LaGuardia rule. Back in the shadows, the men who made O'Dwyer their candidate and now are working for him are the county bosses and clubhouse workers, the same cogs in the county machines whose ouster eight years ago was the first step toward progress.

As between LaGuardia and O'Dwyer, the Mayor will not get any of the America First vote, the German-American Bund vote of the Yorkville and Queens neighborhoods, the Christian Front vote, the anti-British isolationist vote. That fact is personally hard on O'Dwyer, for in his speech accepting the nomination he frankly endorsed the President's policy of defense and aid to democracy, to the disgust of many followers. As between that statement, however, and the established belligerent anti-isolationist conduct of the Mayor, the choice is clear. There was one unswerving isolationist in the field, John R. Davies; he withdrew, to the joy of the O'Dwyer camp, who saw themselves as heirs of his votes. A petition was filed to nominate a confirmed friend of the Coughlinite Christian Front, William J. Goodwin; the Tammany law committee attacked its validity, a means of keeping his votes in circulation. They are not, by any chance, LaGuardia votes.

Two neat paradoxes of the present campaign go back to the gubernatorial election of 1938 and to the rivals then, Tom Dewey and Governor Lehman. Mayor LaGuardia himself as much as any one man probably

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was responsible for the slim plurality of 64,394 votes out of nearly 5,000,000 by which Governor Lehman won. In the last few feverish days when the decision belonged to either man the Mayor, ignoring Dewey, three times gave tacit endorsement to "our great governor." His unmistakable references were credited at the time with tipping the balance.

Yet Dewey now is in the LaGuardia camp. And the Democratic organization hopes and believes it will get the Governor's expressed backing for O'Dwyer. The Governor's word is a command to many a voter, and the Governor is not a man to let down his party leaders in a crisis. But if he does, the Mayor already has given warning, he will make reprisals, and the threat is not an empty one. The Dewey organization, on the other hand, is in a sweat to elect LaGuardia, through no motives of love. Mr. Dewey faces this year his first campaign as the actual Republican boss of Manhattan and potentially of the state. Next year is another election. The contest for mayor is a warm-up and a chance to cultivate the voters. If Dewey fails to carry his own county for the Republican nominees, it will be the poorest of recommendations for making him the Republican choice for Governor next year. The Dewey slate of Republican county candidates is notably strong, headed by Edgar J. Nathan for Borough President. There's a little element of personal rivalry in the background, for the chairman of the honorary committee endorsing Mr. Nathan is Dewey himself, and of the corresponding Democratic committee, Jim Farley. Whatever Dewey can do for LaGuardia this year, it is safe to say, will be done.

In O'Dwyer's home stronghold of Brooklyn, also, the Republican organization is committed just as earnestly to LaGuardia. In the large boroughs of the Bronx and Queens, the party is in the hands of LaGuardia's enemies. This means that in about half the city, powerful Republican forces are antagonistic and resentful and the Mayor's support from the party there will be spotty. Facing the same hostile leadership in 1937, the Mayor carried both boroughs.

If elections were won by merit and accomplishment alone, the very aspiration of Tammany to oust the LaGuardia administration would carry the mind incredulously back to Aristides the Just. Here is a brilliantly successful official, acknowledged last March by one of the ringleaders against him, National Chairman Flynn, to be "perhaps one of the best mayors New York ever had." Throughout the city are the evidences of his superior fitness, not only in the form of physical and engineering improvements but in the city's financial rehabilitation, professional competence in its various departments, care and attention to the work, improved personnel and ethical standards, modernization and imaginative outlook on the future. This has been accomplished by a mayor and department heads who are uncorrupted by money. New York, from being a laggard among municipal governments, is a spectacular demonstration today of what a city really can do.

Yet the local political machine is impatient to get back into office. For two years past the organization has had several committees seeking ammunition for this campaign. The best they have produced so far is the cry of communism. That will be repeated with heavy emphasis, no doubt, until Election Day, and color to the charge was lent by the withdrawal of the Communist nominee, Israel Amter, and his endorsement of LaGuardia—which the Mayor promptly dismissed as undesired. The weakness of the argument is that it appeals chiefly to classes who would not vote for the Mayor anyway, without affecting his basic following.

This sketch of factors mostly favorable to LaGuardia's reëlection still has not faced the one principal reason given by his opponents for their confidence. Registration is off. LaGuardia's supporters wanted a big registration and got a small one. Even so, with the total standing 33,000 lower than in 1937, LaGuardia did win in that year by 453,000. Before getting too discouraged, it should be remembered that voters generally stampede to vote against something rather than for. There is anything but a popular uprising this year to "turn the rascals out." The absence of young men in the army has cut into registration, and in some localities registration has been avoided lest it should prove an entrapment into the army draft.

I believe that LaGuardia is going to win. Not the least of reasons is that most of the newspaper reporters regularly watching city politics privately confirm this opinion. One of these is George Morris, the veteran of The World-Telegram, who has predicted elections with seemingly occult precision, and his verdict on LaGuardia is that he will win "big and handy."

The flurry during registration week over the Mayor's proposal to cut in half the city's special two-percent sales tax for relief purposes is a good example of political techniques at City Hall. War industry has reduced unemployment. The need for relief funds has been cut. So the Mayor was alert and proposed to reduce the tax, a piece of good news to every citizen and a sure political advantage. The Democratic council was enraged. It delayed, stormed, groped for a way to steal credit, finally proposed a still more sweeping tax cut of its own—regardless of its effect on the budget.

In the political game which will be in its crucial innings these weeks immediately ahead, the Mayor is a consummate player. An artist at making personal enemies, he is perfection at wooing the crowd. In most of the moves in the game, he can be depended upon to outthink the opposing strategists, just as he bested the duller boys of the Council. And, beyond comparison, he is ahead of his rival in verve and imagination, in experience and accomplishment, in independence and rugged zeal. If his supporters will work, LaGuardia will win and pull through his ticket with him. GEORGE BRITT

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Double-Cross in Oil

"LISTEN," SAID THE independent oil man as we sat in the hotel lobby, "you want the real story on the oil situation? It's just this: Ickes is being double-crossed!

"Sure there's an oil shortage, a far worse one than the major companies and their friends in the Petroleum Coördinator's Office want to admit. They created it and now they're trying to prolong it.

"I'll tell you why there's a shortage. It isn't just the transfer of the tankers to the British. It goes back to the attempt of the major oil companies to crush the independents, way back in 1931. Just about that time the new oil fields in east Texas were discovered and the major companies got scared of competition. So Standard, Shell, Gulf, the Texas Company and a few others made deals in Iran and Irak and the Gulf of Bahrein. They decided to exploit their foreign resources and restrict production at home in order to starve the independents out. After fighting government regulation for thirty years, they forced it through in the prorating measures to cut production down. They said it was a conservation measure. The hell it was! They got the oil business down from a speculative industry to a banking proposition. The banks take all the money that the independents make and up it goes to Yankeeland.

"The majors always had the independents hogtied," the oil man went on. "They owned 80 percent of all the oil tankers, the only means of transporting oil from Texas to the Eastern seaboard. Then they went ahead and bought up all the tankers that were left. They cut the price of gasoline at the Gulf ports to six cents, and then they raised the price of gas on the seaboard. Man! Two years ago the going rate on transporting oil from the Gulf Coast to the seaboard was 23 cents a barrel. The cost was 14 to 18 cents. When the majors tied up those tankers that were left, they raised the rate to 82 cents a barrel. That increased their spread from 5 cents to 64 cents.

"They held production down and kept prices high. Today we have so little refining capacity that the army couldn't move across Texas to meet an invasion from Mexico, on Texas gasoline.

"You talk about shortages of steel and copper," the oil man said, leaning forward. "Listen, the shortage in refining capacity is as serious as any of them. For months the refineries have been operating at more than 100 percent of their rated capacities. Today they're running 250,000 barrels a day short and oil consumption is only just beginning to go up. When the Navy Department and the Lease-Lend Administration made an open bid last week for motor fuel they didn't receive a single barrel.

"And here's a thing you want to remember. They talk of powder plants and munitions factories as being easy for a saboteur to blow up. Hell! With this one box of matches I could go out tomorrow and blow up every refining plant from Providence to Corpus Christi!" He struck one of the matches and lit a cigarette.

"More than a year ago," he went on, "I went to the OPM and told them that without more refining capacity we hadn't a chance. What did I find? The chief of the oil section of the OPM was a representative of Standard Oil of Indiana. He laughed at me and told me I was dreaming!

"All along, the major companies have fought an increase in refining capacity; they're fighting it now from inside as well as outside the Petroleum Coördinator's Office. The government may succeed in financing new refining capacity, but the majors will be damned if the independents get any of it. Ickes wants the independents to have their share, but when his back is turned his own men fix it so that the independents don't even get a chance to make a competitive bid.

"I believe," the oil man said, "that Ickes is the most honest man in the government, but he is being double-crossed. I have nothing against the coördinator, Ralph Davies, personally, but it stands to reason that when Davies is paid $10,000 by the government and $57,000 by Standard Oil his heart lies with Standard, and so do the hearts of most of the men in his office.

"If there is any man that the majors loathe and despise it is Harold Ickes. Pew, of Sun Oil; Harry Sinclair; the Mellon gang that runs Gulf; the Texas Company that Reiber controlled; Shell, Phillips Petroleum and all the rest, there isn't one who wouldn't burn his shirt to make a light to damn Ickes by!

"To save my soul from Hades," he went on, "I can't see why Ickes wants to hug those wolves to his bosom!

"Listen: all through the Senate hearings on the shortage Ickes was away. His office made no case at all before the Senate committee and that committee, remember, was out to get Ickes. You know what I think? I think the majors are out to ruin Ickes by leading him into one untenable position after another."

"What about the pipeline?" I asked.

"That's where Ickes was really bulldogged and tied down!" said the oil man. "Here's the story on that:

"A pipeline running all the way from Texas to the Atlantic was always a good idea. It was a good idea because it could be used to pipe the billions of dollars of natural gas that go up in the air every year during the pumping of Texas oil. That gas is invaluable. It's like mining gold that is mixed with platinum, and throwing away the platinum!

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"When the war came, a gasoline pipeline became essential, not as a means of overcoming a shortage, but as a vital standby. Look! If we get in the war we may lose all the tankers we've got. To talk of replacing those tankers with railway tank cars is ridiculous. The pipe line is the only alternative and the $80,000,000 that it will cost is no price at all to pay for safeguarding the whole of the northeast of America.

"The independent companies wanted the pipeline. They wanted the government to build and operate it and to allow them the right to carry their gasoline through it. More than a year ago I myself went to New York with a pipeline proposal. We figured we could liquidate the investment in three years and then make money. But we needed the support of the New York majors, and they refused even to listen. They didn't want the pipeline and they don't want it now. That's what Ickes ought to realize.

"It was Ickes who pushed the plan for a gasoline pipeline, and here's what happened. When the majors realized that the line was going to be built, they moved in and took it over. They captured it on their terms.

"First, they got control of the board that determines government policy. Then they forced the government out of the picture. They inserted clauses in the pipeline bill in Congress saying that the pipeline had to be privately financed and that the government had to hand it back to private control after the emergency.

"Then they transformed the pipeline. That was really smart.

"All the independents have their refineries in Texas. They refine their crude oil on the Gulf and ship their gasoline. That means, naturally, that they want a pipeline to carry gasoline.

"But the majors carry crude from the Gulf to their refineries at Bayonne and Marcus Hook on the Eastern seaboard. So they want the line to carry crude.

"Now anybody knows that it is plain silly to build a pipeline to carry crude. It's expensive, because a barrel of crude is only a quarter of the value of a barrel of gasoline—and it's wasteful. The 250,000 barrels of crude that such a big pipeline as a 24-inch one could carry to the seaboard every day would distill into only 150,000 barrels of usable gasoline. The same line can carry 250,000 barrels of gas and, what's more, it can be tapped on the way so that the gas doesn't have to be shipped back from Bayonne to West Virginia and Ohio. It's only sense to carry gasoline, just as it's a damn sight easier for a farmer to carry shell corn to the market instead of corn on the cob.

"But a gasoline line would give the independents the opportunity to expand their own refineries. So the big boys double-crossed Ickes and turned the line into a line to carry crude.

"But now here's the funny thing. Once they had the crude line under their own control the majors still didn't want it. For one thing, the pipeline can be sold on the open market for $80,000,000 when the emergency is over. Now $80,000,000 is a lot of money except in oil. The big boys figured: What's to prevent a syndicate of independents from buying the pipeline and using it to carry gasoline?

"So what did they do? They sabotaged their own proposal. They sabotaged it in the administration and they sabotaged it in the Senate committee. They destroyed the whole idea of a gasoline shortage that they themselves helped to work up.

"Of course they don't oppose the pipeline openly. They use their fronts to fight it. Their real front today is Pappy O'Daniel, the Senator from Texas. He's their man.

"You know Hitler came to power by damning the rich while he was taking their help. That's what Pappy figures on doing. He is a potential fascist if I ever saw one. He damned near sold the whole of Texas to the oil companies when he was Governor, and when he beat Lyndon Johnson for the Senate, it was the big oil men who elected him.

"Now Pappy is the real man in the Senate committee investigating the oil shortage. He's cussing out Ickes and Ralph Davies and saying there isn't any shortage at all. Every day he tells the people of Texas that if a pipeline is built that can carry natural gas to the industrial East, no more industry will be attracted to Texas.

"Now Pappy is smart. In every speech he makes he damns Standard Oil and the majors. He even says they are socialists because they want to nationalize the oil industry and then take over the government. But behind the scenes he's playing the big companies' game. Some people believe that the questions he asks at the hearings and all the speeches he makes are given to him by Hiram King, the lobbyist for Harry Sinclair.

"So Pappy stirs up Texas against the pipeline. With Pappy's demagogy and the help of the steel shortage, the big companies will probably smash it altogether. We need that line, just as we need new capacity. Only, we won't get either until Ickes wakes up.

"Well," he said, "my plane leaves for Dallas in half an hour so I'll say goodbye." We shook hands and he walked off. Then he turned, came back, and pushed his finger against my chest. "Listen," he said, "if you write this up I want you to say one more thing. I and my friends are 100-percent for Ickes. We hate Hitler's guts and we want to beat him. Some of these others don't. You know that Standard and Shell gave Hitler his entire petroleum-distribution system and traded with him for a year after war was declared. They are out for business; they have no hatred of Hitler. We want to beat Hitler, but if someone around here doesn't wake up, we won't be given a chance."

Short, hot, and overcome by his own earnestness, he walked away.

Washington MICHAEL STRAIGHT

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The Minneapolis "Sedition" Trial

On October 20 in the United States District Court in Minneapolis twenty-eight defendants will stand trial in the first peacetime federal prosecution for seditious opinion in more than a century. The twenty-eight, fifteen members of the Teamsters' Union, Local 544, CIO, and thirteen members of the Socialist Workers' Party (Trotskyite), have been indicted under two laws. One, the recently passed Smith Act, makes it a crime merely to express an "opinion" as to the "propriety" of overthrowing the government by force and violence. The other, Section 6, Title 18, of the United States Criminal Code, is the established law against overt acts calculated to overthrow the government by force.

Two circumstances in connection with this case have aroused attention. First, the only overt act of sedition charged against the defendants was the organization of a Union Defense Guard to protect themselves against threatened attacks. And second, there is a strong suspicion that the government undertook the prosecution as a political favor to Daniel Tobin, president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, AFL.

For these reasons the American Civil Liberties Union recently wrote to United States Attorney General Francis Biddle asking that the indictment be reconsidered with a view to dismissal.

In his reply of September 4, Attorney General Biddle said nothing to improve the case. In his view prosecution for mere opinion may be constitutional; in any case he prefers to let the courts decide this issue.

As to the alleged overt act, the organization of a Union Defense Guard, Attorney General Biddle says he is "confident" that the prosecution will be able to prove this defense guard was in fact an armed militia for the purpose of overthrowing the government by force and violence.

A good many facts concerning this alleged militia have been brought out since the indictment. They make it difficult to share Attorney General Biddle's confidence.

In August, 1938, Roy Zachary, a national organizer of the Silver Shirt fascists, came to Minneapolis and held several open meetings in which he publicly called for violent attacks upon the headquarters of the Teamsters' Local 544. At the same time the union leaders were informed that a reactionary Minneapolis employer had been seen at these meetings, and was reported to have raised a fund of $35,000 to hire gunmen to intimidate the union leaders. These threats of violence were given weight by the fact that one union leader in Minneapolis, Patrick Corcoran of the Teamsters' Joint Council, had actually been murdered some months before; and by the further discovery by the police of two high-powered rifles equipped with telescopic sights in an automobile parked near the Minneapolis Central Labor Union.

It was in these circumstances that the defendants decided to form a Union Defense Guard. There was nothing secret or conspiratorial about this organization —on the contrary it was announced in the union paper and noised abroad considerably in order to intimidate the Silver Shirts. At the first meeting of this defense guard in September, 1938, some two hundred men showed up.

If these two hundred were members of an armed militia for the purpose of overthrowing the government by force and violence, as the indictment claims, they were themselves ignorant of that fact. The majority of the two hundred were not Trotskyites, but ordinary Republican and Democratic workers. Even the Attorney General's office tacitly admits this in not indicting them.

At their meetings these two hundred men discussed methods of repelling anti-union violence, and engaged in calisthenics.

They also engaged in target practice, and it is probably upon this point that the government will rest its case. The funds for the purchase of the necessary guns and ammunition were raised at a dance which was announced for that purpose, and held on December 17, 1938. Two .22-caliber single-shot rifles, and two .22-caliber single-shot target pistols were purchased. The total fire power of this armament, it should be noted, is less than that of the ordinary six-shooter carried by one policeman. These guns were used exclusively for target practice; none of the defense guard went armed.

When the local Silver Shirts, intimidated by this display of determination, ceased their appeals to violence against the union, the defense guard was put upon a social basis. There were no more mobilizations, no more calisthenics and no more target practice. The remaining members constituted a sort of honorary society of union activists and confined themselves to ushering at union functions. In December, 1940, this guard engaged in its last activity—ushering at a Christmas party given by the Minneapolis Teamsters' Joint Council.

The Attorney General, then, would seem to be "confident" he can prove that an organization of two hundred ushers located in Minnesota was plotting to overcome the United States Army with four .22-caliber rifles.

The feeble nature of this alleged revolutionary militia seems to lend weight to the suspicion that the prosecution was undertaken by the government as a political favor. In his letter replying to the American Civil Liberties Union, Attorney General Biddle says: "That

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conclusion is entirely unwarranted. The investigation of this case began in early 1940. . . . The prosecution . . . was not requested by anyone in or out of the government or undertaken for the benefit of any person or group."

If the Attorney General is correct, the circumstances surrounding the arrest of the defendants on June 28 of this year form a striking coincidence.

The Teamsters' Local 544 in question until recently belonged to the American Federation of Labor International of which Daniel Tobin is president. There was long-standing friction between Mr. Tobin and the union, which came to a head this spring when Mr. Tobin asked the local to allow him to appoint a representative with the power to expel any members he considered undesirable. The local rejected this proposal, and on June 9, by an almost unanimous vote, decided to leave Mr. Tobin's International and join the CIO. Three days later, on June 13, Mr. Tobin sent a telegram to President Roosevelt, saying in part that the transfer of Local 544 was "indeed a regrettable and dangerous condition," and urging that the union leaders, the men now under indictment, "be in some way prevented from pursuing this dangerous course."

Upon receipt of this message, Stephen Early, President Roosevelt's secretary, issued a statement from the White House saying in part: "When I advised the President of Mr. Tobin's representations this morning, he asked me immediately to have the government departments and agencies interested in this matter notified, and to point out that this is no time in his opinion for labor unions, local or national, to begin raiding one another. . . ."

This was on June 13. Two weeks later, on June 28, the defendants, including sixteen leading members of Local 544, were arrested by the Attorney General's office.

Against this muddled background, shot through with coincidence, the trial is to take place. Its outcome will be awaited with deep interest by all who are concerned with the workings of justice in a time when fears and passions run abnormally high and the word "sedition" arouses emotions that in less critical hours would not be stirred.

DANIEL EASTMAN

The Farmer Helps to Plan

TETON COUNTY, MONTANA, sprawls over 2,300 square miles on the arid slopes of the continental divide. Abused, eroded country—but on the way to becoming good pastureland once more. Authorities decided that 20,000 acres of low-grade plowland should be returned to grass. The AAA agreed not to permit any of those acres to enter its program as cropland. The FSA agreed to make no loans for farming them. The Montana state land department consented to charge a lower rental for such acreage under its control if the tenant would reseed it. County officials agreed to increase the tax on low-grade land that was being cultivated and the county agent began an educational program among the farmers to encourage its proper use.

Sound and effective planning? Certainly. Bureaucratic planning, ruthlessly depriving free men of their chosen way of life by the mandate of distant officials? Don't believe it for a minute. This was democratic planning. The authorities who decided upon it were the farmers themselves.

Former Secretary Wallace, former Undersecretary M. L. Wilson and other "bureaucrats" have been arguing for years that workable plans for agriculture cannot be made by experts alone. The farmer must help. Agricultural plans cannot be carried out without the coöperation of millions of individual farmers. Farming is indeed a way of life, and only the farmer can tell what kind of life he wants. Agricultural planning must be democratic planning.

It can be. In 1938 the Department of Agriculture and the Association of Land Grant Colleges agreed on a blueprint for a democratic system of agricultural planning. Throughout the countryside, unnoticed by urban America, agents of the Extension Services and the Department of Agriculture began to organize a network of County Land Use Planning Committees. By July, 1940, committees had been formed in 1,540 counties in 46 states. Organization is progressing rapidly.

Each committee is composed of the local administrators of agricultural programs and a majority of representative farmers. It classifies the resources of the county. It decides what land is fully suitable for cultivation, what should be farmed only with specified precautions, what should be used for grazing or returned to forest. It determines the size and characteristics of the minimum farm unit that will provide an adequate living, *adequate by local standards*. It analyzes problems of tenancy, of transportation, of recreation.

These are the blueprints of planning. Then come records of accomplishment to brighten the reports of the county committees. Sometimes they tell a story of problems solved by group action: planning committees have organized soil-conservation districts, worked out marketing schemes, launched programs for voluntary change in farming techniques. Land-use maps have guided county highway departments in the building or the retirement of roads, have prompted zoning ordinances, have determined where new school buildings should be placed for the greatest convenience of all.

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Through machinery set up in the Department of Agriculture, suggestions of planning committees are passed on to federal agencies. Sometimes a local modification of an AAA schedule follows. In many counties, the FSA makes the land-use maps the basis of its loans or of its tenant-purchase program, and urges its clients to follow the practices stressed by the committee.

Ideally, democratic planning means that the committees should be elected, should include representatives of different kinds of farm groups, and that plans should be continually brought back to the farm communities for discussion. Of course the ideal has not been fully realized. Coöperation in planning can be obtained much more easily in a state like North Dakota, where economic and social conditions are about the same for everyone, than in the cotton belt, for example, where racial barriers block joint action and the interests of plantation owners and sharecroppers appear to be hopelessly at odds. Farmers of a prosperous Iowa corn county see little need for planning. A North Carolina county, hardened to the speculative ups and downs of the tobacco crop, finds difficulty in imagining it. It is easy to arouse interest in the land where there is a vivid memory of suddenly vanished prosperity, dramatized by dust-storms or floods, difficult where the deterioration of resources has been slight or so gradual that it has escaped notice.

The local administration of a program pivots on that indispensable and exceedingly busy man, the county agent. He organizes the planning committee and acts as its secretary. County agents have their traditional techniques. They are sometimes suspicious of federal coördination. They are overworked. It is not surprising that they sometimes regard a planning program as just one more duty to be carried out in the quickest way—which is not always the democratic way.

In the Great Plains states the ideal of the Department of Agriculture is becoming a reality. In Ward County, North Dakota, about a third of the farmers turn out for the community meetings that elect the committee and discuss plans. In the country as a whole about one-fourth of the committees have been elected. The trend is toward election, but in the meantime even appointed committees can be made representative of varied interests, and often include spokesmen for tenant-farmers, FSA clients or other groups that do not usually take much part in county affairs. Farm women are usually represented. For obvious reasons, participation by all strata of the farm population is hardest to obtain in the South, where, with a very few encouraging exceptions, Negroes and sharecroppers do not appear on the planning committees.

A revived town-meeting democracy is the goal at which the whole program aims. It is too early to say whether it will be achieved. But at the very least, the Land Use Planning effort has brought government agencies into contact with one another and with the local knowledge and viewpoint of farmers, and these farmers in turn are learning to understand the way in which the official approaches a problem. It can mean more than this, and does in many of the counties. Like the Agricultural Extension Services, it may quietly become a major factor in shaping a new pattern of farm life. And if, as seems likely, the Second World War and its aftermath should call for far-reaching adjustments in American agriculture, these county committees will point the way to voluntary coördination of private and public action. The alternatives would seem to be such chaos as the last war produced or an unprecedented degree of regimentation.

If democracy can be fused with the administrative stage of planning, we shall have a tough shield against dictatorship.

JOHN D. and EWART LEWIS

The Lesser Hamlets

(HAMLET: *Horatio, I am dead;*
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.)

Is it futile to question fate, the recurrent pattern—
does it matter, is there a way
to change, avoid, fend off the holocaust,
poison, daggers and death of the final scene?
Is all already lost?

Oh over and over again, in every generation
the play is played,
the ghost refuses ever to be really laid
and the Hamlet ever to act until too late.
And the corpses strew the stage.

Once started, once well begun
there is no fending off the end, no use pretending
that the last act need not be done.

If there be any deliverance at all from the old pattern
it is not for us, who are launched
on the tide no hand can stem or staunch or turn.
But the question is not idle, even as we perform
the unfolding tragedy of the ancient plot—
could we have learned a better way, and why did we not?

If there be deliverance, it is not for us indeed,
but if there be hope it resides in us alone.
It is hope for our seed—not only what we sow
in the old, still thrilling heritage of bone to bone,
but of mind to younger mind.

Will we be strong enough and wise enough to find
words that have meaning, words to teach the unknown
and make it known? words to open the blind
new-dazzled eyes? Oh, words as true as life!

All we are learning now, the torrent of love and hate
loosed in terrible spate—
after the holocaust of our final act
can the minor (but most important) personae, left intact,
alive and trembling in the wings,
find words to teach the meaning of these things?

FRANCES JENNINGS STILLMAN

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Washington Notes

Neutrality Act Strategy

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S DECISION to ask for revision of the Neutrality Act in bits and pieces was born of tact rather than timidity. He considered demanding immediate repeal of the section that prevents American ships from entering belligerent zones as well as the section that prohibits arming of merchant ships. Some of his advisers at the Capitol assured him that both could be erased from the statute books almost as easily as one. With these two sections out, the Neutrality Act would be repealed for all practical purposes.

What the President wanted more than anything else, of course, was elimination of the belligerent zones. As American production increases and the German blockade whittles down the British merchant marine, it will become more and more necessary for ships under the American flag to carry lease-lend materials directly to England. Yet Roosevelt was persuaded to forgo immediate action on this amendment.

Most of the congressional leaders he called into conference agreed that it would be easy to get authorization to arm ships out of the House and Senate but that the isolationists would make a desperate and impressive if unsuccessful stand against direct shipments. They felt that the debate would be disturbing to the American public and perhaps alarming to the British even though the final outcome was favorable. General Robert Wood of America First had moved into the office of Senator Burton K. Wheeler and was preparing for an all-out campaign against abolition of restrictions on the movement of American ships. The battle on this issue, if fought now, would be bitter and protracted.

But it was not this argument, in the last analysis, that dissuaded the President from going the whole way. What got him was the assurance of Republican leaders that many of their colleagues wanted to back off the isolationist limb, and would do so if given a chance to sneak back a step at a time. However, they could not and would not beat an abrupt retreat. Roosevelt's message was an attempt to help them cover their embarrassment.

In a broader sense, it was an effort to implement his often repeated bid for national unity. He is sincerely trying to accommodate himself to the congressional pace. He fully realizes that some of his most conspicuous failures have resulted from inept handling of Congress.

Sidney Hillman is standing his ground in the Currier case, flatly refusing to permit the low bidder to construct defense housing at Wayne, Michigan, with CIO labor. And as the facts emerge, his ground becomes firmer. The AFL building-trades unions now reveal that they signed a cover-all agreement with Detroit contractors, including the Currier Lumber Company, last May permitting a certain degree of prefabrication. This agreement took effect before the Currier company submitted its bid for the Wayne housing.

It further develops that the Currier bid wasn't so low as it first appeared because it didn't cover all of the items included in the calculations of rival bidders. Moreover, some of the prefabricated materials to be used in the Wayne job were run up before Currier signed on with the United Construction Workers, CIO, and therefore are the products of non-union labor.

Facts belatedly brought to light about the Currier company's labor record and circumstances surrounding submission of its low bid clearly show that the UCWU and its boss, A. D. Lewis, have cast themselves in the role of a company union in their dealings with the Currier company. Their performance will contribute its bit to demands for legislation to regulate defense labor. The jurisdictional disputes holding up tank production also will heap coals on the anti-labor fires. Unless labor leadership, both in the AFL and CIO, subdues its own Lewises, Congress will be only too glad to take over the job.

Left-wing CIO unions are climbing aboard the defense bandwagon with almost indecent haste. The United Federal Workers, whose leaders were opposing the imperialist war a few weeks ago, held what was described as "the first national-defense rally of government employees" on October 10. The International Woodworkers, whose president, O. M. Orton, was defying the National Defense Mediation Board last summer, adopted a resolution supporting the President's foreign policy at its recent convention. Orton voluntarily surrendered the presidency rather than face the ballot box. The American Newspaper Guild beat Milton Kaufman, the officer who defended the North American strike, more than two to one in a national referendum.

Attorney General Francis Biddle has indicated that he will permit wire-tapping in four kinds of cases—espionage, sabotage, kidnaping and extortion. The Bridges case, in which the FBI resorted to wire-tapping, falls into none of these categories, yet Biddle has made no move to punish the agents responsible and apparently has no intention of doing so. As Biddle interprets the law against wire-tapping, it means merely that evidence obtained by mechanical eavesdropping may not be used in court. The law states that the government may not "divulge and publish" tapped evidence and the Supreme Court has not yet interpreted the meaning of these terms. Only last month the House refused to pass a bill affirmatively legalizing what Biddle proposed to do.

With the indictment of George Sylvester Viereck by a federal grand jury investigating foreign propaganda, it has become apparent that Hitler's agents in the United States have been using the free mailing privilege enjoyed by congressmen to flood the country with isolationist propaganda at the expense of the taxpayers. If anything could force Congress to reform the franking law, this should do it. But it probably won't. No member of either branch has suggested revision of the law, much as the grand jury's indictments cry out for it. Neither has anyone mentioned the inescapable conclusion that Representative Hamilton Fish has, knowingly or not, been used as a link in the Nazis' propaganda chain.

Washington T. R. B.

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Palace Stairs Overstuffed

Anne of England, by Mary Cass Canfield and Ethel Borden, based on a play by Norman Ginsbury. St. James Theatre, October 7, 1941.

IN THE COURSE OF HISTORY, as everybody knows, the English throne has had more and more of its powers shorn away, and has accordingly been obliged to come closer to the people and to be more concerned with their approval. The picture and record of the sovereign given out for public consumption is, accordingly, a subject of much care and circumspection. And so we have Queen Victoria's portrait as nobly done as possible; and we are not likely to be reminded that Queen Mary's grandmother was a Hungarian woman, morganatically married to a lesser German ruler—the Teck being an old title centuries dead and revived for the occasion and about as important as Plymouth Rock or Brown Leghorn—whose son came along with the Prince Consort and earned Victoria's favor and her royal cousin's hand (all in the Britannica, mildly but necessarily, though not good form to mention). By the same logic, or persuasive policy or what not, we may even have thought it not entirely cricket for a well known Englishman who was much in the late King George's company, to say when asked what the King was like, that he was the kind of man if he were a fish you would put him back.

On the other hand, things were not always like that. In the days when princes had their divine rights and were what they were, take it or leave it, their portrait painters, Titian, Velasquez, Holbein, put them down as they were, since all could afford it—Charles V said that after his portraits, people who saw him were agreeably surprised.

Poor Queen Anne, as a late Stuart *et cetera* enjoys no such perquisites, and her brandy sipping and vacillations were common history. In a letter, March 18, 1716, of Madame's, mother of the Regent, wife of Monsieur, who was eldest brother of Louis XIV, and married first to Henriette, the Queen's aunt, we find that "some English people were drawing a horrible picture of Queen Anne. They said she got drunk, that she had a passion for women, but was inconstant and changed often."

Some of the above, sketchy as it may be, is necessary if we are to get any sort of scale of values in the material this play at the St. James presents. Queen Anne is there all softened down and spread gently over a mild, complex horizon of fact and loyal fantasy, and the Duchess of Marlborough is converted to such higher planes as that of England's being top nation and so on, a grave and humble function larded and propped with footmen, entrances and privileges. So that somehow finally this poor weak woman on a throne is exposed to the eternal verities and the prying, vulgar and specious lights of our journalistic day.

Meanwhile the truth is that this play was evidently first conceived as domestic drama, not laden with the bourgeois serious and the patent application and timely parallel. Played thus in a small theatre, intimate and personal, it would have much interest along a certain vein of characters and private disaster; and through the very press and excitement of delineation and domestic plotting, it could achieve an interest delightful and literary and even gently theatric. As the venture stands, there is over the whole a blur of the apropos and of modern instances. Things wander away and are lost. A good deal remains, nevertheless, that seemed to me interesting and by no means so depressingly dull as the reviews next morning depicted. I would rather, for example, see the whole of "Anne of England" over again than that one final act of "Mr. Wookey."

The story of "Anne of England" deals with what is by now evident: the rivalries at court and Mrs. Masham supplanting Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, the great duke set aside and so on. The numerous historical allusions to contemporary issues and events are largely misplaced; as done thus timidly they merely serve to puzzle those who are ignorant of the history involved and to weary those who are not. The performances of the company are in general well bred, if you like, and bla-bla, as if lines meant nothing. Mr. Warlock as the Duke of Marlborough, in the best London tradition of male stage, does nothing there for an incredible length of time. Miss Flora Robson, so far as the role, written thus sweetly allows, is excellent. Miss Barbara Everest, whether quite historical or not, is convincing as the Queen; and is above all a fine case of British character acting, very intelligent, tragic and entirely distinguished.

It would be easy to lay the blame on the play for this and that and to stimulate some high rumor of the production's splendors. As a matter of fact I think the piece itself, written even as we are given it at the St. James, is quite as good if not better than what Mr. Gilbert Miller has done for it. The play has at least a certain very definite portrayal of characters and in at least a scene or two has a moving quality entirely genuine. The décor provided by Mr. Mstislav Dobujinsky has massive intention and a doubtless handsome rendering, never in the same class with what Mr. Oliver Messel did for "The Country Wife" or with the very opulent audacity or quasi-vulgarity of Victorian, pedestrian richesse that we got in Mr. Miller's "Victoria Regina." The backdrops for the scenes, pleached gardens and green, tended avenues, were very bad and pallid—neither style nor reality, take your choice. The furniture for the scenes was mere stage storage stuff, without distinction and foolishly disposed. The costumes are notable in material and beautiful in design, as design is found in washed-out costume manuals like Calthrop's. But they are never dramatic in tone or idea or contribution to the scene. And as stage costume they are none of them properly made. They are merely antique fashion models imposed on modern underpinnings, instead of being cut from the skin out. That sounds very simple, but it is a basic principle in all historical costume, and a clue as to why most of our historical stage costuming is so poor, despite the money spent and the yowling publicity.

The stage is an odd place. Here we have the expenses mounting for such a producer as Mr. Miller and his regal indulgence, and the result is commonplace, banal and quite off the point, while all the time we have the School of Costume there in Radio City, its remarkable collection not of stage costumes but of actual bona-fide clothes, and its brilliant teacher, Mrs. Aline Bernstein. She could show the whole business how a coat of that first eighteenth-century decade should be cut if it is to have any authenticity—which in costume, subtly enough, is the same as reality.

STARK YOUNG

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Some Pictures Move

"THE MALTESE FALCON" is the first crime melodrama with finish, speed and bang to come along in what seems ages, and since its pattern is one of the best things Hollywood does, we have been missing it. It is the old Dashiell Hammett book, written back in the days when you could turn out a story and leave it at that, without any characters joining the army, fleeing as refugees or reforming bad boys, men or women. It is hokum, all right—about a historic image so costly with gold and jewels that people follow it all over the world, plotting to get it away from other people similarly employed, the various forces finally converging in the territory of Sam Spade, a detective. But John Huston has written the screen play and directed the picture so that a fast pace and direct, vigorous approach give a surface meaning to each situation as it follows another.

The story is one of the few cases where they have their cake and eat it too, for the detective *is* in love with the mystery woman, and she *might* turn out in the end to be another case of (a) innocence wronged, (b) the most trusted agent of the United States Government. But she doesn't, and he sends her up for twenty years. There is bound to be a little confusion in this, for an audience likes to know where it stands, and neither Mary Astor's lines nor her abilities above them quite get over the difficulty of seeming black and then seeming white, and being both all along.

Scene by scene, the picture has many good services—first of all those of the director, who has a genuine sense of suggestion and picture motion. Peter Lorre is never dull though much too often typed. There are Ward Bond, Barton MacLane, Gladys George and Jerome Cowan, but the key man in the supporting cast is Sydney Greenstreet, who does a marvelous and veteran creation, solid in the center of each scene, as the genial and menacing fat man. There is character in the picture and this, as well as the swift succession of its contrived excitements and very shrewd dialogue, is what gives the temporary but sufficient meaning required by its violent fantasy.

And outside of the writer-director, the chief character influence in the story is Humphrey Bogart, a man of explosive action in an iron mask. He is not a villain here, though a pretty hard type; but it doesn't make any difference: he has some of that magnetism you can feel through the screen; he is a villain with appeal. He has a good part here, a steady outlet for that authority and decision and hard level talk of his. But he fills it without trying and you're with him.

It is pleasant to see a French picture again, though "The Man Who Seeks the Truth" was obviously not rushed over here when it was made a couple of years ago because of weaknesses in general construction, and lack of much excitement. It is the story of a banker who was a cuckold and general butt of friends and relatives, but who hit upon the trick of pretending sudden deafness, and thus found them all out as they took advantage of him openly, and told them all off. The trick and the way it is handled turn up some good humorous stuff, the banker is made a likable character, and though the situations of betrayal and ingratitude are the kind of thing worn thin with ancient use, the thing has a certain homeliness and edge.

Very few of the French directors, however, have learned the meaning of the words continuity and motion in connection with turning out pictures. They have been more advanced in the adult subjects they could choose, the way of treating them, and they have been content to rest on that: in a picture sense most of them have been making primitives for years. "The Man Who Seeks the Truth" is poorly lighted and badly recorded, but worse than that it is so abruptly chopped up into a stage set (speech) and then another unrelated and mystifying stage set (speech) that there is none of that clarity and flow which are one of the joys of pictures. Actually, pictures are so immediate in their nearness and rapidity of transition that they may not depend on the audience contribution—suspension of disbelief, imagination, etc.—of the slower stage. When there is no clear lead from both the time and place of one scene over into those factors in the next, the audience spends most of its time—not truly participating, but figuring. As a show, this one is still worth it, for the story qualities mentioned, and for Raimu, whose central performance is one of those substantial delights of the theatre.

The only thing to know about the film "Tanks a Million"—outside of that it is comedy so far short of funny as to be embarrassing—is that it represents a new try in pictures, as to type and to length. Hal Roach has got the idea of blowing up the usual two-reel comedy short into something under an hour, for the second half of a double bill, taking little more expense and devising than is needed for the usual short, which is practically a throwaway. "Tanks a Million" is the first of these streamlined features, and was considered good enough in its own right to be played into a single bill at the Criterion Theatre in New York, where it drew a kind of yokel laughter. One should be interested in any screen venture which scales down the deadly overlength of pictures as they are generally run up today. But there is no hope in Hal Roach, who cashes in on the idea of national-defense effort by assuming that the officers of our armed forces are still as good for laughs as the antique kick-in-the-pants-and-cut-to-chase of the Keystone cops.

OTIS FERGUSON

Whoever is responsible for the story of "Sun Valley Serenade" has the distinction of creating a heroine who is unwittingly the most unscrupulous, unsympathetic dame who ever executed a figure-eight. Sonja Henie is a Norwegian refugee sponsored by a band (Glenn Miller's) as a publicity stunt, only the boys think she's a child of five and are very surprised when she arrives. She sets her cap for John Payne, the pianist in the band, edges out the perfectly nice girl he's engaged to and finally wins him. That takes care of the plot. Sonja Henie is unquestionably a marvelous sight on ice but there are only so many things that can be done with skates, and this is one of a long line of similar pictures anyway. There are a few high spots: Milton Berle is quite funny as the press agent for the band; Miller's band plays "In the Mood" and "Chattanooga Choo-choo" and there are some nice skiing shots. But in a general picture-making way, they are skating on thin ice, if they only had the ice.

M. B.

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A Communication

America Wakes Up to the War

SIR: The United States is passing through the greatest crisis in its history. Members of Congress cannot escape the responsibility for the future of the nation in this crisis. They are anxiously listening for guidance to the voice of the American people. During the past month or two many members of both the House and the Senate have made hurried visits to their constituencies to learn the sentiment of the folks back home.

As Congress reassembles, it is evident that a serious break has already developed in the ranks of the isolationists. Scores of members of Congress who have in the past days returned to Washington acknowledge that their constituents are well-nigh unanimous in support of the President on the various steps which have been taken to combat the Nazi threat.

Like most members of Congress who have taken advantage of the lull in legislative activity, I, too, have spent some time in my home state of Montana. I have spoken at mass meetings and banquets at Missoula, Kallespell, Whitefish, Great Falls, Butte, Bozeman, Billings and smaller towns in Montana. I addressed many other meetings in Arizona and Nevada. My audiences were drawn from every group in these states. There were the delegates to the convention of the Pioneers of Montana, the earliest settlers of my state, and their descendants; there were great groups of farmers attending hearings in connection with the administration of public lands; there were mass meetings filled by the copper miners and workers of Butte; there were ranchers, cattlemen and members of the railway brotherhoods, with whom I spoke also in private conversations. To all these groups I expressed my firm conviction, as a Catholic and a loyal Irish American, that Adolf Hitler, with his gigantic armed forces, his economic resources that now exceed our own and his well organized fifth columns, directly threatens the freedom and independence of the United States.

I was surprised and moved by the enthusiastic response which greeted me. The common determination to support the President ran far deeper than party lines. At almost every meeting at which I spoke, a Republican leader acted as chairman while a leader of the Democratic Party introduced me. At each town I visited I found that the hatred of Hitler was so strong that the isolationists who have been conducting an energetic campaign across the country were compelled to open their speeches by declaring that the British must be aided and Hitler destroyed. But these men, I discovered, did confuse some of the people by attacking Britain's past mistakes. In addition, they attempted to stir up fear of the menace of communism. I found, however, that while there was no love for communism, there was widespread apprehension throughout my part of the country concerning the outcome of the present battle of Russia. The people of Montana recognize that a Russian collapse impends unless prompt and tremendous aid can be extended to the Red armies. They realize that if aid is not given and Russia falls, there is real danger of a British collapse and a seizure by Hitler of bases in Alaska and Latin America. The American Legion of Montana was acutely aware of this danger.

A typical expression of the clear and overwhelming sentiment of the people of Montana was the recent speech of Mayor Charlie Trott of Billings, who made the most of an invitation to act as chairman of an America First rally. "I have every confidence," Mayor Trott said, "in the intelligence and the honesty of the people in this community. I know they are well able to judge for themselves any type of propaganda. 'America First' may mean as many things as there are persons in this room . . . or it may mean, as I hope it does, that the one man who has always stood for America First is the President of the United States. He may be compelled to lead us into war—but if such tragedy should come to us, it will not be of his making, nor will it be prevented by the America First Committee because it will be ordered by the Nazi thought, as directed by Adolf Hitler."

These remarks of Mayor Trott sum up the convictions of the overwhelming majority of our people.

The isolationists who lean more clearly every day toward open sympathy with anti-Semitism and Nazism still maintain that the President is leading the American people toward war. The countless polls which have been taken in this country give the lie to this assertion, for they show that no move has been undertaken by the President until it is supported by the majority of the American people. From my experience in Washington, I have learned that the President is determined that the entire issue of our role in this struggle will be thrashed out in open debate and that he will take no step toward the involvement until the need for it is clearly understood by most of our citizens. From my travels in the West, where I have met and talked with every kind of men and women who united make up the people of this nation, I am convinced that the people are, if anything, ahead of the President and of Congress and that from now on it will be they who will lead rather than be misled.

JAMES F. MURRAY,
United States Senator from Montana

Washington, D. C.

Musical Moment

Always the caravan of sound made us halt
To admire the swinging and the swift go by
Of beasts with enormous hooves and heads
Beating at earth or reared against the sky.

Do not reread, I mean glance ahead to see
What has become of the colossal forms:
Everything happened at the instant of passing:
The hoof-beat, the whinny, the bells on the harness
The creak of the wheels, the monkey's fandango
In double time over the elephant's back.

When the marching was over and we were free to go on
There was never before us a dungfall or a track
On the road sands of any kind;
Only the motion of footprints being made
Crossing and recrossing in the trampled mind.

VIRGINIA HAMILTON

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The Bandwagon

[Governor Heil] said: "I'm glad there is a little scrap over there. They can't send over their cheeses any more, and now we're making it and selling it."—*Governor Heil of Wisconsin, in a speech to the Milwaukee Junior Chamber of Commerce, as reported in The Milwaukee Journal.*

Let us think for a moment of the native chiefs of Africa, India, Egypt, to whom the name of the British Empire stands for all they know of God and liberty.—*From an editorial in The [Toronto] Globe and Mail.*

Boston Appreciates All That Is Noble in Music More Than Any City of the World. Musiquiz is Worthy of Athens of America.—*Headline in The Boston Herald.*

The newspaper Hochi, in a message to the Chinese people today, says that Japan is withdrawing from Changsha after victory because "this is the time for harvesting and the Japanese forces can no longer bear to see innocent Chinese people continue suffering the war's disaster."—*Wireless dispatch from Tokyo to The New York Times.*

A check of persons listed in Who's Who in America reveals that those holding Unitarian beliefs occur 28 times as frequently as one would expect.—*From a booklet, "What Is the Unitarian Religion?" published by the American Unitarian Association.*

Report of Progress

General McNair said the army's principal shortages are in ammunition, radio equipment, weapons, planes and vehicles ranging from trucks to tanks, and added the army would continue "intensive training as long as time is given us."—*From The San Francisco Chronicle.*

Hair Apparent?

Kiev is lost, but how about your hair? Three peaceful persons sadly shook their heads and told me about the fall of the Russian city. No hair was apparent on any of the three heads. . . . Maybe even hair is reaching an all-time low.—*From Alma Archer's beauty column in The New York Daily Mirror.*

Bundles from Britain

With a mountain of baggage and an entourage of six persons and three Cairn terriers, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor left Washington for Chicago this afternoon.—*From The Chicago Tribune.*

Sh-h-h!

For Rent—Uniquely furnished house in Wilshire district. Indoor patio, solarium and shower. Two bedrooms—accessible all studios.—*Advertisement in The Hollywood Reporter.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping.—THE EDITORS

Correspondence

America's Alternatives

SIR: Non-interventionists have a way of avoiding the main issues—what kind of a world will confront us if the Nazis win—and under such circumstances, what chance independence for the United States? Your correspondent, R. W. Riis, in The New Republic of September 22, at least touches upon the question, and by implication our fears may be quieted by referring to history.

We have had trouble-makers in the past—Alexander the Great, Napoleon, etc.—and in spite of them and their wars of conquest, civilization has gone on. To oppose the *present* would-be conqueror simply leads to unnecessary bloodshed and the well known evils of the war's aftermath. So goes the argument as I interpret it.

It is conceivable that Hitler's power might collapse or be overthrown after victory or that the Nazi machine might disintegrate upon Hitler's death. That is a comforting thought. It has happened before. It may be; but it is a terrible risk, and what if we guessed wrong? No conqueror has ever combined the several ingredients of world conquest and domination to the extent and in the same proportions that we see in Germany today. What chance is there for a revolt when some thousands or even hundreds of soldiers, each armed with a machine gun and a few tanks, can command in safety an entire unarmed city? But perhaps the soldiers themselves will revolt? That is not likely while they are imbued with the spirit of primitive tribal superiority and power, and this spirit, which permeates the population at home, the totalitarian government feeds and controls by the new devices of radio and press. We cannot rely on history to help us here; there is no precedent. Economic control is equally capable of concentration in the hands of the modern tyrant to an extent heretofore unrealized, and where the avowed use of these instruments is for the sole benefit of the master race, the resulting dependence of other races would seem to be inevitable.

To hope for the total isolation of a single great country in the modern world is wholly fantastic. There appear to be only two alternatives, both unpleasant to look upon, either submission or settlement by war.

Atlanta, Ga. HAROLD BUSH-BROWN

It's Unanimous

SIR: My sincere gratitude to Jesse Rainsford Sprague for his article on radio advertising entitled, "Slaughter, Sponsored by—" [The New Republic, October 6]. Every right-minded person must resent this offensive stuff, especially when it is introduced into the body of a program, but most of them probably do as I do and turn down the voice until the charms of Kreml or Barbasol or the marvelous efficiency of this or that gasoline (they all claim the same superiority) have been given their allotted time.

I hereby pledge myself not to buy any product advertised in this way (as part of a tragic war report) even if I have been a purchaser heretofore.

Washington, D. C. HARRIET T. COOKE

SIR: I fully agree with Jesse Rainsford Sprague in his article "Slaughter, Sponsored by—," condemning the shameful practice

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of mixing commercial advertising with news broadcasting. This practice is not only irritating but insulting to the intelligence of the average radio listener. With most of us it has reached the point where we shut off the radio the minute the announcer begins to mention the "sponsor" or his wares. It's high time we put a stop to it.

Detroit, Mich. A. MAURICE

SIR: The mental age of the average radio listener may be twelve, as often reported, but there are certain programs, such as "The World Today" (CBS war news) and "Information Please," where it is much higher. And the inane cries of "Chiclet" quartettes, tobacco auctioneers or even the unctuous tones of Milton Cross (formerly Milton J. Cross) plugging for pinpoint carbonation or the everlasting superiority of Lucky Strike tobacco, are more than most of us can bear. Henry Ford is no model in most respects, but at least he plugs only at the end of his hour.

More power to you!

Boston, Mass. GORDON ALLEN

SIR: I wholeheartedly agree with "Slaughter, Sponsored by—." It presents one phase or evidence of the American advertiser's conviction that the American consumer is a fool: "For health and happiness chew Wrigley's chewing gum"! Why did divine providence leave it till this late day and to Mr. Wrigley to reveal this sure and easy road to Heaven!

Chicago, Ill. LLOYD C. WHITMAN

SIR: Why doesn't The New Republic appeal to Mr. Rockefeller directly to change Esso's radio policy. His example would point the way to other advertisers. Why, too, not appeal directly to CBS, NBC, Mutual, etc.? This particular problem, in my belief, is part of the very much larger conflict between "Business as usual" for the purveyors of news, and public service.

New York City RANDALL RUBENSTEIN

[The Editors urge everyone who is interested in this problem to write in. We shall try to publish as many of the letters as possible.]

To Advance Scientific Knowledge

SIR: Bruce Bliven's series of articles on the work now being done by research scientists, "The Men Who Make the Future," has aroused widespread interest. I am certain that every reader of these articles is convinced that such fundamental scientific research must be carried forward with the least possible delay. I wish that every reader also fully understood that this research is *decreasing*, not increasing, and how he or she can help through the National Science Fund to assure continued advance in our scientific knowledge.

Fundamental scientific research largely depends upon our universities and a few specially endowed institutions, which have been forced during recent years to make drastic cuts in their research expenditures. Yet there has never been a time when so many challenging vistas opened before the research scientist as the present.

As one means of helping to meet the urgent need for additional funds to support science, the National Science Fund was established in April, 1941, by the National Academy of Sciences. Up to that time, there had been no single national center, administered by leading scientists themselves, to advise donors of opportunities for philanthropy in science, and to administer their gifts for them if they so desired. The National Science Fund assists individuals and organizations to make their gifts to science enduring and useful by placing at their disposal the advice of the scientists best qualified to counsel them.

The National Science Fund does not carry on research of its own, but acts through existing organizations and individuals engaged in research. It offers a way to pool many smaller gifts in order to accomplish large results.

You would do science a service by calling the National Science Fund to the attention of the readers of The New Republic. Further information will be gladly given by National Science Fund officers at 515 Madison Avenue, New York City.

HOWLAND H. SARGEANT,

New York City Executive Secretary, National Science Fund

Wanted: Propaganda for the Army

SIR: Your editorial on "Educate the Army" (September 29) is the answer to whatever measure of discontent may exist in the army camps. It is almost incredible that the army itself has made no provision for the education of the men in the armed service as to the issues in this worldwide revolutionary struggle in which they may have to take part.

The three specific proposals you make (use war correspondents, nearby college teachers and films) are practical, and the War Department should promptly adopt them. As to the objection that this would be propaganda, the answer is that if we fail to explain our own cause to our own defenders we invite disintegration and defeat.

DR. CHARLES J. TURCK, President

Macalester College, St. Paul, Minn.

Hitler's Publishers

SIR: Mr. Cowley's suggestion [The New Republic, September 8] that the book of Hitler speeches, "My Own Order" . . . should not have been published for the general American audience," linked with ". . . we have been forced to admit that it [universal truth] can be outshouted and overwhelmed by universal falsehood" represents a serious weakening of faith. In making the assumption that truth and falsehood are separable only through the kind offices of an intellectual aristocracy, he abandons one of the essentials for human progress.

Is it fear that prompts your literary critic to call for the subversion of the freedom in which we take so much pride? We have been taught far more than "that every man is at least trying to tell the truth." We have been taught that every man has a right to make a statement in print; that even the blackest and most carefully calculated falsehood will be revealed for what it is. The implication of Mr. Cowley's review is that he is so afraid of Hitler's wiles that he will stoop to the disgusting business of fighting lies with lies; he so ardently desires a short-term political eventuality that he will turn aside from his own search for eternal truth. If he cannot resist the "poison" himself, does he automatically prove a case for censorship?

Morristown, N. J. GEORGE BARBAROW

SIR: Mr. Malcolm Cowley in his review of "My New Order," indicates his own confusion by obliquely attacking the basic concepts of his once held liberal philosophy. He feels that the most efficient manner of training men for self-reliance is by denying them material for comparison.

Mr. Cowley sounds very nearly like those smug school teachers and big-business men who inveighed against "The Grapes of Wrath." They were also afraid, or so they said, that by reading the book they were "likely to emerge from our reading with a lessened faith in human nature." As The New Republic pointed out at that time, such an attitude could not be taken really seriously.

The New Republic has changed its tack. . . . Now that the time has come for an impassioned as well as a logical defense of the fundamental validity of liberalism, mass desertions have reduced the liberals to a din-united core of disillusioned indi-

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viduals without voice or leadership. The liberal press has become the loudspeaker for the approaching Four Star Triple Featured "I Am an American" Reaction. And Mr. Cowley, not content with rehashing the sickening sloganizing propaganda of war for a more literate audience than is reached by the tabloids, now attacks the bases of liberalism, concealing himself behind a touching concern for our limited faith in human nature.

Chicago, Ill. R. ASAHI CHINO

[The review of "My New Order" said absolutely nothing about the suppression or subversion of free speech. It was not a retreat from liberalism, although it certainly suggested that liberals should be less complacent. When it concluded that there were several good reasons why the book should not have been published in its present form, the reviewer wasn't crying, "Police, police!" My statement was intended for the editor and the publishers of the book, responsible men who are open to argument and opposed to fascism.

Here is the story I might have told at more length. The editor and the publishers went to considerable pains in collecting and translating Hitler's speeches. They didn't ask his permission and they didn't intend to do him a favor. Neither did they intend to lose money, but their chief purpose wasn't making a profit. Chiefly they hoped to do a public service by putting Hitler's plans and his lies on record, and thus warning their fellow countrymen.

Now, the publishers actually did such a service when they issued the unexpurgated translation of "Mein Kampf," a book that everyone ought to read. In it Hitler is speaking candidly about his program, and when he is wrong about facts, the editors set him right in their footnotes. But in "My New Order," Hitler is speaking for effect; he is deliberately mixing truth and lies in the effort to confuse and demoralize his enemies. I questioned whether it was wise to purvey this mixture to a still wider audience, especially without footnotes to indicate what was false and what was true. It may have the effect of spreading the mood of universal skepticism that Hitler wants to produce in all the democratic nations, and that he actually produced in France. There is no reason why American publishers opposed to Hitler should go out of their way to help him.

So much for "My New Order." As regards the general question of censorship, The New Republic has said many times that we must not refuse to give a hearing to our enemies, no matter how cold-blooded their lies, how merciless their intention to destroy us. But we are entitled for the sake of our own preservation to make sure that both sides of the debate are presented simultaneously, and that our side is presented at least as well as the other. – M. C.]

A Union for Democratic Action

SIR: We have organized a branch of the Union for Democratic Action in the Port Chester, New York, and Rye, New York, areas. Our organization is intended to fight for democracy on two fronts. On the international scene we stand for all-out aid to Great Britain, the Soviet Union and other countries fighting Hitlerism.

Recognizing, however, that overemphasis on this struggle alone may easily lead to the collapse of morale and the internal disintergration which reactionaries put across in France under the guise of national defense, we view the international struggle for the maintenance and extension of democracy as equally important. To this end we support labor's demands for collective bargaining and decent wages. We support the demand that plans for speeding up production such as the Reuther plans be considered and not merely pigeonholed. We ask that excess-profits taxes be made really effective, so that labor morale will not be impaired by a consciousness that dollar-a-year men and their companies are reaping war profits. We ask for an end of discrimination against Negroes and other minority groups in production and in the armed forces. Unless democracy is maintained at home, cynicism and a sense that national defense too often equals profiteering will lead the Wheelers and Lindberghs into power and America will find herself isolated in a hostile world.

We would appreciate it if readers of The New Republic interested in working with the Port Chester-Rye Chapter in attaining these aims would get in touch with Everett Bovard Jr. at the National Office of the Union for Democratic Action, 202 West Fortieth Street.

New York City EVERETT BOVARD, JR.

Clarification about the Army Purge

SIR: I wish to protest a recent editorial entitled "A Purge in the Army" [The New Republic, September 8]. In it you say: "The army discreetly says nothing about the basis of selection of the men to be released, but we hope we can assume it will include the more glaring incompetents."

You will find, I am sure, if you investigate the records, that many of the reserve officers being released have excellent efficiency reports. Extensions of duty are at the volition of the officer concerned and are not mandatory in the least. Your editorial will undoubtedly create the impression that *all* reserve officers being released are glaring incompetents and this may cause public disfavor toward those officers when they return to civil life.

As one of those officers concerned, I am interested in having this matter cleared up. No such broad statement as yours should be made until all the facts are at hand. A half-statement of fact can at times be far more detrimental than a deliberate misstatement.

Camp Roberts, Calif. JAMES A. GRANT, 2nd Lt., Infantry

[The New Republic, of course, did not imply that incompetency was the only reason for releasing reserve officers. – THE EDITORS]

From The New Republic Mail Bag

E. B. Stevens, Seattle, Washington, praises us for our study of our economic and social conditions in relation to the emergency, for A. G. Hart's "balanced presentation of the taxation problem" (September 8), for our handling of post-war problems and for our "fair and illuminating" writings on labor. But he finds our editorials "bellicose" and thinks we owe Lindbergh an apology for our treatment of him: "In Germany all critics of the government are 'crazy,'" he says. "Please do not lead us that way."

Toni Sender, of the American Labor Education Services, announces a new project—a Discussion Group on American Labor for newcomers to the United States. Many of these newcomers have played an important part in the labor movement abroad and these classes offer them an opportunity to become better acquainted with the American labor scene. For further information write Labor Education Service, 437 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City.

Cyril Clemens, Mark Twain Society, Webster Groves, Missouri, is writing a biography of George Sterling and will be very glad to hear from anyone who has recollections or impressions of this neglected poet who was a protégé of the late Ambrose Bierce.

We have received a number of issues of France and Britain, the bi-monthly journal on developments in France, issued by the Anglo-French Coöperation Committee of the Fabian Society, and edited by Margaret Cole. Free copies are available from Boris Skomorowsky, 222 Riverside Drive, New York City.

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Books in Review

Soldier of Civilization

PETER VIERECK makes an encouraging debut with this richly documented and stirring analysis[1] of the sources of the Nazi ideas and the history of their evolution among the German romantics of 1800 in Wagner's circle and in the mouths of Rosenberg and Hitler. One sees the newcomer, an instructor at Harvard, descending into the pandemonium where the metapolitics, the "highfalutin mysticism," the semi-political ideology of Hitlerism were evolved; standing searchlight in hand before each horrid ideal and tracing the process by which it was produced out of rather innocent-looking substance. One sees him ascertaining, at times in scorn and sometimes humorously, which brains were active in the monstrous process and finally emerging with an instrument serviceable in the self-defense of civilization.

For, as Egon Friedl remarked, ideas are "the realest forces of the earth." Much of our unpreparedness has flowed from the fact that we have not understood the degree to which "ideas, ideals, ideologies, phantasms, illusions, concepts are physical and physiological energies, commensurable and efficient quantities. A conviction of the right, a belief in a higher entity, constitute fuel for the organism scarcely less solid than fat, albumen, brandy. Only a dreamer can conquer the world." Thus in causing us to recognize the germs of the ideas of the steel-age barbarians, the impulses which elaborated and swelled them up, young Viereck sets us on the road to recognizing and controlling their equivalents in ourselves. In clarifying the ideals of the foes of civilization, he tends to clarify their antitheses, the ideals which build civilization itself.

The flavor of academicism does occasionally reach us in this generally fresh and realistically conceived study of the roots and evolution of "metapolitics." (This name for the Hitlerian ideology was derived by Mr. Viereck from a spokesman of Richard Wagner's circle of nationalists who wrote the Master that "To be genuinely German, politics must soar to metapolitics. The latter is to commonplace pedestrian politics as metaphysics is to physics.") Astutely enough, Mr. Viereck detects among the elements of this lunar growth the "science" of racism, a vague economic socialism protesting sometimes demagogically and sometimes sincerely against capitalist materialism, and a belief in the "supernatural and unconscious forces of *Volk* collectivity." At its roots with equal shrewdness he finds the preference of force to reason, tribal collectivism and what, for want of a better term, he calls "romanticism" but hastens to define as a "ceaseless, lawless expansion and self-justified self-worship," producing bohemian individualism on the plane of the ego and totalitarianism on the plane of the state. But while opposing to "metapolitics" a "loyalty to a universal civilization composed of three separate heritages—rationalism, classicism, Christianity," he opposes "conditioned and *unnatural* discipline of law" to "romanticism," and it is precisely this tendency to associate legalism and the classic discipline with something preponderantly deliberate, consciously and externally superimposed, that suggests the academic hand—this, and inadequate realization of the fact that the strongest opponent of "lawless expansion and self-worship" is human solidarity plus masculine detachment and self-indifference.

We find it difficult, too, not to feel that the author is a trifle oversanguine concerning the nation which has fallen to its knees before the new gospel. He writes that through the center of each German heart there passes the Roman wall. On one side lie the paganism of the old Saxons, the barbarian tribal cults of blood and war, the anti-rationalism and anti-legalism of the romantics; on the other, the classical, rational, legalistic and Christian traditions of the Romanized Germans. He adds, "Every German revolt against the west has been followed by an even longer and equally typical period of synthesis. . . . Germany's ceaseless cultural pendulum inevitably will swing back to its western pole." This, about a nation which twice within a single generation has overwhelmed the world with immeasurable woe! Still, in justice to Viereck it must be said that he knows that the "return to the west" cannot occur without our effort and self-sacrifice. In summation, he writes, "To be aware of the universals of reason and of Christian ethics establishes the iron necessity to judge and to resist any 'corybantic prostration before Life' [before some "Wave of the Future," one surmises], before even the most invincible and dynamic life-forces if they burst the moral law and the civilized disciplines of God and man. The inevitable is not (invariably) the same as the good, the powerful is not (necessarily) the true, nor is death on the battlefields for these truths as futile and naïve as blasé liberals led us to believe in days of the pacifist Oxford Oath."

And with the remark that while one rejoices in the book's want of unction, certain audacities—for example the phrase about "Novalis' *mystic-sexy* 'Hymns to the Night' "—tend to hold one up, we reach the last of our differences with the new author. He is extraordinarily conversant with German culture, but carries his learning lightly; and he has drawn his amazing evolutionary picture—so different from that of the deceived liberal historians—with telling, penetrating strokes. After a prelude in which he exhibits faint prototypes of "metapolitics" deep in the Reformation, in the mouth of Ulrich von Hutten, and its innocent outline in Herder in the eighteenth century, he shows its gradual development in the Schlegels, Novalis and Fichte about 1800—and its popularization through *Turnvater* Jahn, the "First Storm Trooper," that coarse Prussian schoolmaster who under cover of gymnastic societies organized secret nationalistic gangs against Napoleon. It was Jahn who coined the word Folkdom, by which he meant a

[1] Metapolitics: From Wagner to Hitler, by Peter Viereck. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 375 pages. $3.

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people's transcendental existence: it was Jahn also who called for "biological Folk purity," for a "unity-creating Führer" and vented his fury on the Jews. Then, after Hegel's contribution, these ideas reëmerged through the worm at the apple's core, the fabulously powerful musician and intellectual quackster Richard Wagner. "The Folk must burst the chain of hindering consciousness," he wrote, and talked of the "health-exuding warriors of the North," clarified the Führer concept, and preached a "purification of the race-soul" and a vague, utopian communism. How these views reached Hitler's sinister-comic Minister of *Weltanschauung*, Rosenberg, is not stated. But we are shown their transmission along with Wagner's style through H. S. Chamberlain, a drunken poet named Eckart and Frau Winnie Wagner to the fatal housepainter. How they have influenced action the world, alas, well knows.

PAUL ROSENFELD

What's in It for You

I'll Never Go There Any More, by Jerome Weidman. New York: Simon and Schuster. 422 pages. $2.50.

PROBABLY BECAUSE OF CRITICISM and lesser forms of pressure, Jerome Weidman is getting a little off the direction in which his peculiar and almost violent talent lies. His travel book was dull except for patches; his new novel is exciting reading most of the way, but he seems a bit self-conscious in finding the best of us in the worst of us, and he loses intensity toward the end; and I am not sure he has a very clear destination. The idea is that a young fellow who doesn't know whether he wants to finish college or not comes to New York to work in the summer for an accounting firm, runs into many interesting people and is soon involved in the complications of their professional and domestic lives (also interesting).

In the story the young man serves as a commentator, also as a device for drawing people out; and so after you have met a character he has met, you may be pretty sure there will quickly follow a chapter on the character's life and place in the world, as told to him by themselves or by others. The main fellow is Maggio. As a criminal lawyer and market plunger he was once on top of the world with a great reputation for burning up the town; but he is now more or less of a bum, still impressive as a character, tight-jawed, sharp, quick with invective. His principal friend is a madame, once beautiful and still high-class. Two of the other characters are men she is trying without much apparent sense or success to play off against each other; and the rest fit in here and there as people in the business world, relatives, encumbrances and a floozie or two.

The first part of the book is best, the various characters coming in in their mystery, the various places you go, the ways of the world and the fast talk. But when Maggio and the other main people go down to a fantastic summer vacation set-up in the country for the purpose of bringing everything to a dramatic head, there is too much talk and confusion, too little active and logical extension of such issues as seem to have been in the shaping, and the end in a night of rain, drunken singing and shooting is more desperate than inevitable.

Weidman has good writing; he has a fine ear and a clean, direct style, with a flinty sort of imagination that throws sparks over the least thing touched in the most off-hand way. (Item, the shack in the country: "large and rambling and dumpy looking, as though it had grown out of an original idea that had come to the builder when he had accidentally noticed two or three empty egg-crates standing together in a rainstorm.") And he has many odd knowledges. But these things can be learned by anyone with a sufficient base of talent, curiosity and perception. What is a gift with him—it's there or it isn't—is a sense of the dramatic in fiction, the instant and explosive situation with the promise of immediate further development that make the sluggish eye and attention race down the lines. His device of reflective narrator and long character sketches holds back this dramatic sense somewhat here. But these are devils in the pursuance of any such high and mysterious trade as novel making, and if at the end you begin to ask where you have been going all this way, except along, you must still admit that there has been a lot learned about quite a lot of things. Weidman is a specialist in various types of life that are only vaguely known about, and it is his understanding, as well as his fictional talent, which makes these people and patterns of existence now alive and understood—even to the point where you, the stranger, are disagreeing with him about what they *really* would do under this (also strange) circumstance or that.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Poetry of Clark Mills

The Migrants, by Clark Mills. Prairie City, Illinois: The Press of James A. Decker. 40 pages. $2.

A Suite for France, by Clark Mills. Prairie City, Illinois: The Press of James A. Decker. 42 pages. $1.

IT IS UNDERSTANDABLE enough that, during recent years, poets have been constantly beset by the temptation to take the state of the world as a more or less permanent subject. Only a small band has resisted such urges; a few have shut up talking and banged down the windows. No doubt a revolting little study might be made of the many poems produced during the past decade which take as their subject the world collapse—complex poems, but unmoving, most of them; the images as thick-coming and as artlessly arranged as the objects in a junk-pile, the music grunting and wheezing; a marked tendency toward metaphorical orgies; and always, of course, the note of prophetic tub-thumping, so popular this season. Certain poets, indeed, have even stumbled headlong toward what looks at first glance like an Eighth Type of Ambiguity; and bombast and subjectivity are fashionable again. What everyone feared has happened: poetry has become not less, but more "poetic."

This is not to say that admirable, and even excellent, poems which scour the field have not recently appeared. They have; they have been scarce, however; and their authors have been men with something more than rococo vocabularies, uneasy consciences, and a way of charging in all directions at once. Mr. Mills (who was once apprenticed to the French Symbolists) would appear to be one of them.

In an early poem, "Catalina," published some years ago and, like many of his best poems, mysteriously omitted from

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both of these collections, Mr. Mills evinced a desire to "create some shadowy, figured myth." There could be no more apt description of what he has done in these books:

> The voices in our sleep called out, "Return."
> "Do not go north to meet the world." "Come back,
> patience is all." "O teach us to sit still."
> "Here is the limit you must never cross,
> the land you must not enter."
> The words whirled outward from the turning center
> of darkness; echoed among the caverns and the black
> passages of reflection, saying loss, and loss,
> whispering the immensity of time.
> We heard the words they spoke,
> like sound of water, climb;
> as one man's voice the multiple voices broke
> over the chill crest of Stalagmite Hill
> till we awoke.

For in "The Migrants"—a poem of some length in which the migration is emotional as well as geographical—we are sleepers awakening to find ourselves alone and afraid in an atmosphere of mist; simultaneously we stand high on a hill looking down upon the peopled landscape seeking "a way," and our seeking is a "long migration" which is ended only when "all at last may stand together." The legend appears again in other guises, notably in the Epilogue, where again sleep is broken by "the shudder and the crash" of a familiar world, again fear presents itself, again the hilltop-seeking for "a way," and again the solution: "enter that new country."

It is scarcely a solution we have not heard before. And the myth is, it would seem, too shadowy, too vast. The effect, in spite of frequent references to such items as freight vans, headlines, loudspeakers, and iron birds on bomb routes, is essentially elusive and vague. Although the subject of the poem is the human situation, people in it are symbols, seen only as abstractions, lying far away, like houses noted from an airplane. Too, Mr. Mills's lines, as mellifluous as one is likely to come upon in modern verse, are insufficiently relieved by the sharpness of which he is sometimes capable.

It is in the best lyrics of "A Suite for France" that the employment of fixed points of reference relaxes his dilemma of form. If the lines are as mellifluous as ever, the briefer form edges him to particulars which, though not minute, permit us glimpses of a sharper, less shadowy, landscape:

> And there below in the penumbra, the flamingos,
> tall on their pink stalks,
> inhabit bent perspectives; and in their cubicles
> the lemurs wait; and the gorillas nurse their stupor;
> and safe within rectangular horizons, the black panther
> pads without destination, or shores against the bars
> the deeper shadow of his vast despair.

His ear is very acute; his verse is always sensuous, adroit and sustained. But what he hears is circumscribed; the sound of that smooth voice, like Mallarmé's or Swinburne's or Verlaine's, creates at times a desire for a rude interruption from a voice like John Skelton's or from Mr. Eliot as Krumpacker. Even so, Mr. Mills seems to me to be one of the few interesting poets under thirty. He is all in one piece, to begin with; and he would be interesting if only for the mannerisms he has resisted, while others flocked to them like dogs to a boneyard.

WELDON KEES

Journey to the Mists

High Conquest, by James Ramsey Ullman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. 334 pages. $3.75.

WHEN EVENTUALLY I find myself marooned on an island in the South Pacific, hobnobbing with the shade of Alexander Selkirk and a bit nervous about the gradual disintegration of my character, I shall wish hard for this book in my hand to fortify me. For the indefatigable Edward Whymper, who ascended the "awful" Matterhorn at his eighth attempt; George Leigh-Mallory struggling up the last heights of Everest in order to meet the mist that concealed his death from his companions—these men and a hundred others have, in the brief history of this extraordinary sport (I use the word advisedly), established precedents of heroism and devotion that neither politics nor polar exploration can surpass.

When the contemplative man decides to pick up his bed and become the man of action, it seems that the first thing he does is go climb a mountain: for it is indisputable that the greatest mountaineers were also men of conspicuous intelligence. I am abject in front of Leigh-Mallory's answer to the person who asked him why he climbed mountains. He said, "Because they are there." And his mysterious remark: "Do we vanquish an enemy?" reminds me of the fragmentary snatches that characters in "The Divine Comedy" utter as they continue to die. The courage of these men one takes for granted: it is not that that seems so rare to me; it is the perseverance, the endurance and the determination.

Someone (quoted in this book) said that climbing a mountain is like climbing a ladder, it can't be done unless the lower rungs are reliable; but when I read of the constant disappointment and the repeated failure that every expedition has inevitably to overcome, then I can compare it to nothing so much as staring a cow out of countenance, only possible if you believe it possible. Thus when the Queen Isabella was speaking of Columbus (and I believe she spoke in fact about every great individual before or since) she said that if they had not been there, the islands would have risen out of the sea to crown his passion. And it is perfectly clear to me that mountains are never defended by ropes and axes and spiked boots, but by a passion of devotion and dedication such as that of Edward Whymper, who, if he had been a sensible man, would have given up his ambitions on the Matterhorn after his third try. As it happened, four of his friends perished in the final and successful attempt, but this did not matter; in their own view they could not have died better. And this, I think is the genesis of the passion to climb impossibles and ascend unscalables: the consciousness that the death is what I can call the esthetic of action, as useless as all the seven arts and, to the Luciferean human, as necessary.

The photographs are marvelous and come often; the style is unassuming and just awkward enough in the right places to give the impression that the author climbs mountains better than he manipulates the hazards of language. The information regarding mountains, their heights, histories, characteristics, etc., and about mountaineers, their lives, achievements and idiosyncrasies—all this is comprehensively and unpretentiously dealt with, and the appendices

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are elaborate. I applaud the whole thing. As I say, I want it, rather than Thurber or Shakespeare or the Encyclopedia Britannica, on my island in the South Pacific.

GEORGE BARKER

The Saint in Politics

Grey Eminence: A Study in Religion and Politics, by Aldous Huxley. New York: Harper and Brothers. 337 pages. $3.50.

FATHER JOSEPH was eminent in two careers, the religious and the political. This combination is not unusual, but in Father Joseph's case the religion was mystical and savagely intense. He thought that women "should only be visited like wild beasts, whom one is content to see without approaching." He prayed for hours standing on one leg to keep from being drowsy; he had visions, raptures and revelations. Aldous Huxley thinks that he "had actually made some advance along 'the way of perfection' toward union with God."

His political career, however, was altogether worldly, being guided by no principles except the power of France and the glory of the Bourbon dynasty. This artist in prayer was also an artist in falsehood, intrigue, espionage and assassination. This Commissary of Missions for the Pope paid a subsidy to Gustavus Adolphus for warring against the Church; and he tried to bribe the Turks into invading the Holy Roman Empire. With his master Cardinal Richelieu, who also hated women, he was responsible for prolonging the Thirty Years' War until it had cost eight million lives; their policy was one "that disseminated cannibalism and universalized the practice of torture and murder." Mr. Huxley believes that Father Joseph helped to set in motion the series of events that led to the present catastrophe.

"Grey Eminence," the first English life of Father Joseph, is not a biography in the usual sense of the word. It deals at length with a few episodes in his two careers; many of his activities are not even mentioned. His diplomatic intrigues, the most astute of his time, are omitted on the ground that they are "about as interesting"— to Mr. Huxley, of course—"as would be the shorthand record of the discussion between two peasants over the merits and price of a broken-winded horse." The political and social background is also passed over, as being "irrelevant to the dominant theme of the book, which is the history of a man who tried to reconcile politics with spiritual religion."

Mr. Huxley believes that the two simply cannot be reconciled. Politics belongs to the world of time, which is also the world of evil. Spiritual religion—most of us call it mysticism—exists in the world of eternity. Political action can do little for the good of the human species; by the nature of man it is foredoomed to self-stultification. Progress, if it ever comes, will be the result of "individual training in theocentric theory and contemplative practice. . . . Society can never be improved until such a time as most of its members choose to become theocentric saints." Meanwhile—though Father Joseph's career would seem to point toward another conclusion—"the leaven of theocentrism is the one thing which, hitherto, has saved the civilized world from total self-destruction."

Mr. Huxley is now the apostle of a theocentric religion which seems to be compounded of Brahmanism, Zen Buddhism and mystical Catholicism. About the truth of his new doctrines, it is very hard to argue, there being little evidence to confirm or refute them. One can say, however, that in his case they have taken a somewhat bleak and unsocial turn. They seem to lead not so much toward a union with God as toward a separation from humankind. The impulse behind them, in Mr. Huxley's case at least, often seems close to the desire for self-annihilation.

Yet although I can agree with little that he says, he has now reached a more interesting stage in his career as a mystic. He is no longer the mere disciple or the Hollywood dilettante of Eastern religions. He no longer argues about his convictions, as he did in "Ends and Means"; nor does he illustrate them by a rather scabrous fable for worldlings, as he did in "After Many a Summer." He now tries to carry them into practice, and he begins to deserve the respect one accords to a man whose ambition is a sort, even if a mistaken sort, of sainthood.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Book of Knowledge

Fiscal Policy and Business Cycles, by Alvin H. Hansen. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 471 pages. $3.75.

AS OUR SOCIETY has increased in complexity, research into economic problems has grown more specialized and scientific—and in consequence less understandable to the outsider. The danger has mounted that as scholars learned more, laymen would know less, the ultimate absurdity in a democratic community. Many economists have sensed this, yet the task of making the important results of their research genuinely available to men has not been effectively discharged. It is Mr. Hansen's distinction and our good fortune that his book on our economic malaise is presented so clearly and with such human concern that it bridges the gap between specialist and citizen and sheds indispensable light on our contemporary crisis.

The diagnostic theme is familiar to readers of the literature from Tougan-Baranowski to Keynes: namely, that the business cycle, that basic sickness of our economy, is primarily the consequence of fluctuations in the rate of investment of savings. The Great Depression of the twenties is similar to its predecessors in this respect. But a special significance attaches to it because one era of investment has ended and a new one begun. For a century and a half the demand for savings has taken two forms: *extensive*, to satisfy the needs of a growing population and an expanding territory; *intensive*, to satisfy the requirements of a changing technology. The extensive period of investment is concluding, with the rapid fall in the rate of population increase and the absence of further frontiers to occupy and exploit. There remains only the intensive demand for capital, which almost certainly will fall short of absorbing such savings as were taken by both intensive and extensive uses in the past. The consequence of such a state of affairs will be large unemployment of men and resources, and a national income low enough to provide no more savings than can be used by the diminished opportunities for profitable investment.

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Hansen believes such a state of chronic depression will not be tolerated, and social stability will be placed in immediate jeopardy. He turns to prescription. Our economy must either increase its willingness to consume, thus saving less, or provide outlets for savings through public action. In the light of the rigidity of our consumption-savings habits, he holds out little hope of the former. Indeed, there are good reasons to expect institutional savings to increase. Life insurance is still growing rapidly. The social-security program is young and will accumulate savings for some years. The comparatively recent custom of amortizing real-estate debts and mortgages and the corporate withholding of profits and large depreciation reserves all betoken large savings from current incomes. These habits will not easily change.

There remain the absorption of unused savings by the state, through taxation and loans, and their expenditure for purposes of community consumption (education, health, etc.) and community investment (super-safety highways, public utilities, housing). "We must rebuild America for peace no less than for defense," says Mr. Hansen. The case he makes for such a program is in my opinion unanswerable.

This is not the place to discuss the technical apparatus employed by him nor to begin those digressive arguments on matters of detail that such a book will excite among the specialists. Suffice it to say that there are excellent analyses of the multiplier and acceleration concepts, of the various types of government-budget systems, of taxation and monetary policy, price and wage stability, and government debt. Illuminating suggestions are made respecting the public-finance problems arising from the defense program, and the international responsibilities we shall face at the conclusion of the war. Above all, it is important to emphasize that this is a book full of wisdom and acute prescription which will help us avoid incalculable disruption in the post-war world, if we have the good sense to study and act upon its suggestions. There can surely be no doubt that we are destined for a society much more planned than we have ever known before. Whether it shall be planned in part or over all, whether it shall be responsive to democratic or authoritarian directives may be within our discretion. Mr. Hansen thinks it is. If he is right, he has provided us with the necessary economics manual.

J. RAYMOND WALSH

A Reader's List

STRANGERS IN THE VLY, by Edmund Gilligan (Scribner's, $2). "Strangers in the Vly" is more an exercise in virtuosity than anything else, a mixture of parable, folklore and creamy prose. The Vly is a secluded valley in the Catskills. The strangers are three dwarfs who have been saved from the death penalty for an attempted assassination of Louis Napoleon by Captain John, originally from those parts, later a man of wealth and fashion in the court of France. The little men are regenerated by the peace and beauty of the high natural life, and do secret good deeds for the inhabitants like so many pixies. And that is about all there is to it.

Mr. Gilligan does some very fine writing on scenery, the seasons, the abundance of the inn, the night air and what not. But he has very little story to tell: his characters are either as simple as a glass of water or too fantastic for belief or even interest. And it takes him forever in a frenzy of words to get no place much. He uses the terms "Lanthorn" and "naught else," he would rather say "fifth-month" than May; he piles fantasy on realism; he is the workingman's Branch Cabell. Read for patches of writing, the book has its charm. Its interest as a story about or study of anything is nonexistent.

SING FOR A PENNY, by Clifford Dowdey (Little, Brown, $2.50). Mr. Dowdey's novel is a portrayal of the predatory and piratical character of business enterprise, staged against a Virginia background from shortly after the Civil War to the late 1890's. Told without heat or heroics, its unpartisan honesty and rapid movement maintain constant interest rising at times to feverish excitement. Kirby Harron, in revolt against the shabbiness of his family background, finds that the higher he climbs the more ruthlessly he must fight to prevent being pulled down. He winds up, by stock-market manipulation, juggled records, watered stock and relentless chicanery, as the controlling power in paper-mills and railways. The author grinds no ax of propaganda, but he has a sense of values. Kirby Harron emerges with a fine balance of material and intellectual gains and emotional losses. Mr. Dowdey lets you draw your own conclusions.

THE TIMELESS LAND, by Eleanor Dark (Macmillan, $2.75). Five hard years in the first English settlement in Australia; most of the pioneers are convicts, strange neighbors for the guileless, light-hearted native tribes. The years spell deprivation for the whites, which can be cured, and demoralization for the blacks, which can't be. Mrs. Dark, an Australian herself, knows her subject well; she gives it a long and scrupulous, at times even eloquent treatment. It is the Book-of-the-Month Club choice for October.

THE DARK SHORE, by Philip Freund (Ives Washburn, $2.50). A rather incoherent little novel about a young American Jew on the bum who drifts into Spanish Morocco just about the time the Spanish Revolution is being cooked up. Having had (back in Texas) what the psychiatrists would call a traumatic experience, he's bitter, neurotic, without pride and hates women. There are happenings and soul probings that lead to self-respect, a normal feeling about women and anti-fascism, but the book seems very much like a case of author's self-purge with the reader taking the rap.

NON-FICTION

EMIGRES IN THE WILDERNESS, by T. Wood Clarke (Macmillan, $3). A brief history of the two major groups of French émigrés, the Royalists and the Bonapartists, who tried unsuccessfully to set up permanent colonies in the United States during the French Revolution and after the fall of Napoleon. Interesting, gossipy stuff about sundry mysterious characters, Jerome Bonaparte and some of the lesser noble fry. Also notes on a few families who stuck it out and made good. The closing chapter reopens, but does not settle, the old controversy about Eleazar Williams—was he a half-breed faker or the lost Dauphin?

NATIVE AMERICAN: THE BOOK OF MY YOUTH, by Ray Stannard Baker (David Grayson), (Scribner's, $3). The well known editor's and oldtime muckraker's recollections of a Presbyterian-Republican boyhood in frontier Wisconsin, his search for an education and the jolting experiences as a Chicago newspaperman which showed him that rugged individualism alone was no longer the answer to America's social problems. A sketchy and unpretentious but generally readable record of one man's approach to maturity.

BRAZIL: LAND OF THE FUTURE, by Stefan Zweig (Viking, $3). One more book about Brazil—its history,

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its culture (or rather, lack of it), and its main cities, all of which, like everything in Brazil apparently, are "colorful." There is one exception, São Paulo, which must hold the record for ugliness. On the whole a dull book, and anyone looking for guidance as to what is happening in Brazil today will not find it here. The translation does not read like one.

SEA POWER AND BRITISH AMERICA, 1783-1820, by Gerald S. Graham (Harvard, $3.50). British foreign policy is founded on sea power and its political basis in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was the monopolistic navigation system. Though profit was a motive, the author shows that its immediate objective was the enhancement of British sea power. The book is the story of the breakdown of this system as applied to British North America, the main factor being colonial dependence on the United States for supplies, and the increasing reliance of industrialized Britain on the American consumer. Based on Canadian and English archival materials, this scholarly work, Volume 46 of the Harvard Historical Studies, is of importance to students of British colonial policy and American-Canadian relations.

A HISTORY OF MAGIC AND EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE. Volumes V and VI: The Sixteenth Century, by Lynn Thorndike (Columbia, $10). These two volumes cover roughly the momentous period 1500-1630, completing a monumental, erudite and authoritative work on all aspects of the subject since the beginning of the Christian era. Primarily a work for the specialist, it is so clearly written that the general reader interested in its subject matter will turn to it with confidence and delight.

1848: CHAPTERS OF GERMAN HISTORY, by Veit Valentin, translated by Ethel Talbot Scheffauer (Norton, $3.75). Suggestive and readable essays on the leading currents and personalities of the first German revolution during the following phases: period of preparation, first outbreak and apparent victory, social revolutionary and nationalistic threats, beginning of the counter-revolution, second outbreak, and finally victory of the counter-revolution. "The patriotism of 1848, in its purity and its resolve, is the immortal ally in all future struggles of the German nation."

DOCTORS ANONYMOUS: THE STORY OF LABORATORY MEDICINE, by William McKee German (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, $2.75). The clinical pathologist is the Sherlock Holmes of the medical profession, the man whose verdicts on disease and death are as near to finality as a dozen sciences can make them. Dr. German, chief pathologist of the Good Samaritan Hospital of Cincinnati, tells us how these verdicts are reached, in a book which combines sound medical knowledge with a real gift for exciting narrative. The historical chapters, though brief, are excellent, and there is much vigorous criticism of the inadequate attention paid to pathology. An introduction by Paul De Kruif is a seal of approval for the layman.

LIVES AND DOLLARS, by J. D. Ratcliffe (Dodd, Mead, $3). Light-fingered popular stories of contemporary scientific research, principally in the medical field. The emphasis is on the human-interest angle and the subjects range from the vitamin research of Conrad Elvehjem to atom smashing and the miracles of modern glass making. The articles, which are of magazine type, are short, lively in style, and full of the kind of general information that spells "science" for those who must read as they run. A pity there are no pictures and no index.

Contributors

MAX WERNER's latest book is "Battle for the World: The Diplomacy of the Second World War," recently published by Modern Age Books.

GEORGE BRITT is a New York newspaperman, co-author, with Heywood Broun, of "For Christians Only."

DANIEL EASTMAN, who has been a newspaper reporter, science teacher and secretary of the International Committee for Political Prisoners, is now associated with the American Civil Liberties Union.

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FRANCIS JENNINGS STILLMAN's verses won an Avery Hopwood Major Award at the University of Michigan. She has contributed to Poetry and to a recent anthology, "New Michigan Verse."

SENATOR JAMES E. MURRAY is the Junior Senator (Dem.) from Montana. He was elected in 1934 to fill the unexpired term of Thomas J. Walsh, and reëlected in 1936.

VIRGINIA HAMILTON lives in Hamden, Connecticut. She has contributed verse to The Atlantic Monthly, Poetry, The Saturday Review of Literature and other publications.

PAUL ROSENFELD is a well known art and music critic, who has also written much on literature.

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GEORGE BARKER is a young English poet now living in this country. His "Selected Poems" were recently published by The Macmillan Company.

J. RAYMOND WALSH is a member of the Political Science department at Williams College and the author of "CIO: Industrial Unionism in America."

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Bernhard Knollenberg

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reviews "Time Exposure," by Cecil Beaton and Peter Quennell.

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